I Awoke to Find I Was the Girl Swordsman That Protects My Cousin

目覚めると従姉妹を護る美少女剣士になっていた

This is the first of a three-novel series with two spin-off novels.

The title describes the basic premise well enough: It's about a boy who suddenly discovers he transforms into a girl whenever his female cousin in danger.

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Synopsis :

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一条遼
ITIJO RYO
一条はるか
ITIJO HARUKA
一条結女
ITIJO YUME
坂谷希美乃
SAKATANI KIMINO

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I Awoke: Chapter the First - The Oni-Slaying Princess

Ichijou Ryou lay blankly in bed.

He was a first year at Modoribashi Academy's high school. His grades tended to fluctuate between average and below average.

He never earned any real reward or punishment and he had never had a girlfriend. He was fairly tall, but he had a slender build and his body almost seemed to have forgotten to grow since middle school. Overall, he was a plain boy with no hint of manliness to him.

He had taken a bath after dinner, reread some manga for the umpteenth time instead of doing his homework, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

After just a few minutes of unconsciousness, he woke up, wiped the drool from his mouth, and noticed something had changed.

"What…is this?"

When he shook his head, long and glossy black hair stroked his back.

His T-shirt felt oddly tight, so he looked down and found two large mounds on the verge of bursting free of the fabric.

(T-tits?)

His own chest contained two weighty mounds with the kind of perfect shape and great size that he had only ever seen in pinup magazines and slightly erotic TV shows.

The neck of the shirt had been pushed out, so he could see the captivating cleavage of the two white but flushed mounds pressed together by the tight shirt.

This was not a picture or a video. He was seeing real breasts in person.

He gulped at the fact that they were attached to him and some sweat trailed down his cheek.

Just like his shirt, his shorts felt tighter than usual. His butt had grown in volume, causing the fabric to press against his crotch. That should have caused a fair bit of pain for his testicles, but it only made him feel a little restless.

The fabric was digging into his crotch and pressing against a fairly sensitive spot.

Once he focused on it, a sense of longing welled up inside him. When his hips naturally started fidgeting up from the bed, he let out a yearning sigh and felt like something warm was seeping out deep within his lower stomach.

“What is going on here?”

Worried, he stood unsteadily up from his bed.

The balance of his body seemed different from normal, so he had difficulty walking.

The bulges on his chest shifted his center of gravity forward, so he found himself leaning forward.

His already slender arms had grown even more graceful.

He felt like his body as a whole was less broad.

He moved cautiously forward on legs that had grown longer and slenderer despite the addition of soft flesh.

"————!!" Ah, ahh… You're…kidding…!"

When he checked in the mirror, he did see his own face there, but the impression it gave was so different it might as well have belonged to someone else entirely.

His nonchalant and carefree face had grown sharp and stiff.

The small lips were colored red and covered with a youthful sheen. The nose was thinner and had a dignified charm to it. A strong-willed light filled the slender eyebrows and somewhat angled eyes that stared back at him from the mirror. It was his own gaze, but his heart still skipped a beat.

His white, untanned skin had grown even finer, so his already feminine face had truly become a girl's face. The chin and neck were also slender.

"Th-that's a girl… I've turned into a girl!?"

While staring at the helpless and confused girl in the mirror, he hesitantly brought his hands to the mounds on his chest. The nipples could be seen poking through the fabric at the peaks. He placed his index fingers on those points and used the other fingers to grab the breasts.

"Ahh!"

A powerful surge of electricity ran through him.

"This is…what tits feels like? But…why do I have these!?"

His fingertips dug into the weighty flesh.

They felt so soft he thought they would melt away. No part of the male body was this soft.

He had never even imagined a sensation like this before, so he was utterly confused to find it on his own chest.

"Am I…dreaming?"

It felt too real for that.

Why did he have this body? Would he return to normal? The incomprehensible phenomenon filled him with unease.

“Mom and dad are still awake…”

He could not help but focus on the sounds from his parents on the floor below. If they came up here, they would see their only son with breasts.

(This is no joke! I’d die of embarrassment!! H-how am I supposed to explain this?)

As the unease and confusion only grew, he felt two solid beads rise up from the peaks of the weighty mounds he held.

“Ah…hh… Wh-why!?”

(I’ve heard girls’ nipples get hard when they’re horny…b-but this is hardly the time.)

“Ee…ah!! Ahh…!”

He could not help but press down with his fingertips and another surge of electricity raced from his chest to his brain.

He let go in surprise and the handball-sized objects gave an intense bounce.

“Ah…”

The figure in the mirror was blushing.

(I didn’t look that closely before…but as a girl…)

The corners of the eyes and the cheeks were flushed and tears had welled up in the eyes to form a troubled look.

“I…I’m kind of…cute.”

He would definitely be interested in someone like this if they went to his school.

However, this was him now.

His face remained, but all of the parts had been improved, giving a completely different impression to anyone that saw that face. Even his heart started racing when he saw the dignified beauty of those angled eyes.

The slender waist and the incredible volume of the butt and breasts was clearly part of a girl’s body.

(Th-then…what are things like…downstairs…?)

He was still worried and confused by this strange situation, but his heart was motivated by even more powerful curiosity.

His shorts were being pulled tightly against his crotch, yet he did not feel what should have been there as a boy.

All he felt was a heated throbbing that continued to grow.

Was it really gone?

His heart beat so loudly he had trouble breathing and he realized his body was coated with sweat.

This was hardly the time, and yet…

He gulped and hesitantly slid a hand inside his shorts.

“Hyaaaaaaah!”

Suddenly, a somewhat silly scream reached Ryou’s ears.

“————!! That voice. Yume!”

He instantly came back to his senses. He stopped the hand before it reached his genderbent crotch and turned his sweaty face to the window.

He saw a strangely large form past the balcony and in a room of the neighboring house.

“Wh-what is that!? Y-Yume!!”

That room belonged to his cousin who had been like a sister to him all his life.

At some point, he had begun to have feelings of love for her as well. Ichijou Yume was the most important girl in the world to him and that was her room.

(Who is that!? And what are they doing to my Yume!?)

The blood rushed to his head and he acted before thinking. He completely forgot he had become a girl and used unnatural strength to leap from his room to the neighboring balcony.

(M-my body is so light! I can jump this far!?)

He opened the glass door and stepped inside.

(She left it unlocked again. And after I keep telling her that’s dangerous. I need to get after her about that later.)

He put up his guard as a bestial smell assaulted his nose. A giant man with grotesquely bulging muscles had crawled up onto the bed in the

darkness.

“Wh-who are you!? And what do you think you’re doing!?”

Once he forced out his voice, the man glared at him with somewhat muddy eyes. The deep, muffled roar was truly that of a beast. Abnormally long, thick fangs were visible in the mouth he opened to snarl.

Was this a nightmare? Even if it was a dream, he could not abandon the girl lying below that giant form.

“Ahhhh… I’m scared… Please…don’t do anything to me…”

Her quiet voice was trembling with fear.

Her lemon yellow pajamas were in messy disarray, giving glimpse of a body with plenty of feminine curves. She must have been treated roughly because her underwear and pajamas were torn in places and red scratches could be seen on her lovely jewel-like skin.

Her plump legs had been forced apart, revealing the crotch protected only by light pink panties. The giant man’s wart-covered penis was so thick it looked like some kind of weapon and it was spewing precum like drool as it approached her crotch.

“Fwaaah… No… Help me… Ryou-chan… Kyaaahh!”

She cried tearfully, asking for help from the person who had just

jumped in her window.

"Wh-who are you..? Get off of her. Get away from Yume."

Ryou was scared and had no idea what was happening, but he forced out a trembling voice.

As if to mock him, the man directly grabbed Yume's fully-mature breasts that were clearly exposed even in the darkness.

"Ahhhhh! Th-that hurts! No...not so rough... Stop!!"

The man squeezed those attractive mounds so forcefully Ryou thought they were going to burst. He had just learned firsthand how sensitive breasts were, so he knew that had to hurt.

They needed to be treated more gently and delicately, but the giant continued his violent groping despite Yume's screams and pressed his erection against the defenseless girl's crotch.

"Get that filthy thing..."

That was when something in Ryou's mind snapped.

"...away from Yumeeeeeee!"

He kicked off the floor and sent his body flying forward like a bullet.

He slammed his clenched fist against the side of the giant man's face.

He heard something like an explosion and felt the power of the blow in his hand.

"Gwohhhh!"

The man's head bent at an unnatural angle and his giant body was knocked away.

He slammed into the wall and his head was embedded inside it.

(————!? What…? Why was my punch so powerful? But more importantly…Yume!)

Surprised by his own power, Ryou picked his cousin up from the bed.

"Ahh~, Ryou-cha-…eh? A…girl?"

Just as he was going to ask her if she was okay, he quickly held his

tongue.

She seemed to have assumed her cousin and next door neighbor had come to save her, but she was taken aback by the unexpectedly soft sensation. She started curiously poking at the mounds pushing out Ryou's T-shirt.

"Hyah!"

A sweet ticklishness grew in the jiggling flesh and he let out a shrill cry.

"Hyawah. S-sorry!! H-huh? But… You look like Ryou-chan…but you're not…?"

He did not know what to say. Perhaps he should not have let her see him like this. As his cousin tried to peer at his face in the darkness, he belatedly looked away and tried to think of an answer.

"You…bitch!"

Ryou was caught off guard by an intense charge.

"Agh! Ah, gaaahh!!"

He was grabbed by the back of the neck and easily lifted up with one hand.

“Kyah!”

Yume was knocked away and passed out.

“I’ll never forgive you for interrupting my meal!!”

It was a deep and unpleasant voice. It sounded like an animal forcing itself to speak in human language. Despite having his head buried in the wall, the giant did not have a scratch on him. He simply glared at Ryou in intense anger.

“Wah!! Ah, ah…”

Seeing him up close filled Ryou with fear.

(He…isn’t human!! A-an Oni!?)

Filthy yellowed fangs grew irregularly in a mouth that split all the way to the ears like a carnivorous beast’s.

His ears were pointed like a blood-sucking bat’s.

His reddish-brown hair was dark like it had dried blood in it and grew wildly. Two thick and dangerous-looking horns grew from his rock-like head.

His muddy golden eyes were opened wide on a vicious face that

seemed to hold concentrated evil.

His arms, legs, neck, and torso were all absurdly thick.

Countless muscles were woven together into an inhumanly thick body. Seeing his giant body up close, he really did look like a legendary creature dragged into reality.

He was an Oni, but he looked more like the ones in picture scrolls and images of hell than from the illustrations of the stories Ryou had read as a child.

“Geh heh heh. Woman, I sense the smell of a horny slut. It’s a nice smell, much like that of that sacrifice.”

His breath smelled like rotten meat and he sniffed in delight.

“Gh…hhh…hyaaah!!”

As Ryou suppressed the urge to vomit, the Oni suddenly grabbed his breasts.

“Stop…that! Let go…! Owwwwww! Khhh…”

He groaned in pain at the same forceful groping that Yume had received.

He could not help but twist his body, but that further tightened the neck of his shirt. His consciousness started to fade as the pain in his breasts grew.

Fingers with sharp claws dug into and carelessly toyed with the soft flesh. The humiliating treatment of those lovely mounds distorted their artillery shell shape.

The pain filled them and surged out from there. Yet as a self-defense measure, a maddening throbbing grew from deep within the breasts to soften the unbearable stimulation.

(This…is… This is what…Yume was going through…?)

But instead of giving into that sweet sensation, Ryou burned with intense rage directed at the villain who had done this to his cousin's breasts.

"Ka ha ha ha ha! Woman, groping your tits turned you on? Then I will devour you before moving on to the true sacrifice!!"

A slight damp stain appeared on the tight crotch of Ryou's shorts. The violently large erection approached that holy genderbent location. The penis was colored a reddish purple. Each time it throbbed, a great quantity of precum shot out and splattered on Ryou's bare legs.

(He got…that filthy juice…on her!?)

Ryou's anger grew even further. When this had been pouring out

before, it had dripped onto Yume's unsullied body.

"What? Do you like my cock that much? Fine, then. Before eating you, I'll give you a taste! Now suck it!!"

The Oni let go of Ryou's breasts and lowered him to the floor. Freed not just from the pain in his breasts but also from the pressure on his throat, he coughed and took in a breath of relief.

Even when there was a decent height different, a woman on her knees would need to lower her mouth to crotch level to suck a human man's penis, but the Oni's giant penis was right at eye level when Ryou was standing and leaning forward a little. The head was about the size of a baby's clenched fist.

"Ghuh!! That's…so nasty…"

A rotting smell painted too kind a picture of the stench as the smegma-covered erection was pushed toward him.

Seeing that lovely face so close must have aroused the Oni because precum burst from the tip and covered Ryou's female face.

"Gfh…ah, ghhhh…"

It happened so suddenly that some got in his mouth.

The intense acidity numbed his tongue and the intense flavor of rotting

fish spread through his mouth.

He quickly spat it out with the saliva that welled out and worked to suppress the rising urge to vomit.

He could barely stand just the fluid, so there was no way he could take the entire manhood in the mouth.

For one thing, he was a boy. He did not even want to see another man's penis.

He wiped the sticky liquid off his face with a hand, but the smell and stickiness remained.

The Oni gave a displeased smile, grabbed Ryou's hair, and slowly moved his penis in toward the "girl's" lovely face.

(Was he…going to do this to Yume too!?)

He thought of that girl as more than just a cousin and she was lovelier, cuter, and purer than anyone he knew.

He could not allow her to be defiled.

And yet this monster said he would attack Yume after raping Ryou.

He could not allow that.

“Gah!? Wh-what?”

A pure blue light glowed in the darkness.

It came from Ryou and Yume who was still passed out on the floor.

The shocked Oni watched as their synchronized glow took form and drew out a pentagram at their feet.

Rin, Pyo, To, Sha, Kai, Jin, Retsu, Zai, Zen.

Nine written characters appeared and vanished in order and the room’s filthy atmosphere was purified.

The grimacing Oni was blinded as a dazzling light burst out.

“Wh-what is that? I-it can’t be!”

Once the light vanished and the darkness returned, the “girl” was standing in front of his unconscious cousin.

The Oni was shocked by what had suddenly appeared in Ryou’s hand.

“This blade is made to cut you down, filthy Oni!”

No sign of the gentle boy remained in the fierce gaze that pierced the grotesque monster.

A dignified voice shook the air and the Oni staggered back.

Ryou held the sword to the right with the tip touching the floor.

The blade was over sixty centimeters long, elegantly curved, and dyed a red reminiscent of fresh blood.

It fell into the traditional ''tachi'' category of swords, but something about it felt fundamentally different.

The blade told Ryou that it was not made to cut down humans.

It instead used human power to cut down the inhuman monsters that devoured and defiled humans.

“Haahhhhhh!!”

Ryou only felt a dull sensation from the blade.

Even though it meant tearing through the hair the Oni held, he turned around, swung up the blade with enough force to cut through cloth, and severed an arm as thick as a log.

“Gyaaaaaaaaahh! Y-you biiiiiiiitch!”

The Oni gave a rumbling scream and leaned back.

He raged in pain and grabbed at Ryou with his other hand. But…

“Hmph!”

A beautiful swing from above severed the other arm as well.

Ryou had never wielded a sword before. The most he had done was swing a bamboo sword a little during gym class. But now he seemed to have become one with the strange sword as he handled the monster with adroit movements.

“H-how dare yooooooooooou!! M-m-m-my arrrrrms!”

The Oni was in a state of panic now. He used his giant body to charge toward Ryou in hopes of crushing him.

But now that he had a slender female body, he nimbly hopped out of the way like Shanao being made to spin and dance by Musashibo.

“You dare lay a hand on Yume!? Prepare yourself, filthy Oni! Seiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!”

Even in midair, Ryou’s stance remained as solid as if he was rooted to the ground and the bloody-bladed sword swept horizontally too quickly to be seen.

“Gweeehhh!”

He heard the dull sound of flesh and bone being sliced through.

The Oni gave an earsplitting cry as his head was removed from his shoulders. A look of shocked disbelief remained on the face as it turned into a toxic miasma and vanished. The floor rumbled as the headless body collapsed forward.

That body also became a dark haze and gradually vanished.

“D-did I…defeat it?”

Ryou stared at the scene in utter confusion.

If not for the wall the Oni had broken, he would have thought it was all some horrible hallucination. As if to say its duty was complete, the heavy sword suddenly transformed into particles of light and vanished.

The fierce presence residing in Ryou’s body also settled down.

“What…just happened?”

He did not understand any of it, but he was relieved to have escaped that abnormal crisis. He sat wearily on the floor next to Yume.

Ryou's eyes wandered absentmindedly around as he sat in the comfortable living room of his own home. It was a little past midnight. He had washed off the Oni's putrid bodily fluids in the shower and was finally getting a chance to rest.

His mother brushed his long hair while he drank some nicely chilled orange juice. By the time the hairdryer had done its job, his aunt and uncle (i.e. Yume's parents) arrived from next door.

They gasped when they saw Ryou had become a girl and they sat down in front of him.

His uncle looked a lot like his mother.

His aunt and his father had nearly identical faces.

Yume's father and Ryou's mother were twins, as were Yume's mother and Ryou's father.

In other words, one set of twins had married the other.

Also, the sets of twins were also cousins from the same family, so they had all known each other from a very young age.

Yume always called it romantic, but Ryou had always found it kind of embarrassing as their son.

All four of them exchanged a serious glance and groaned.

“To think it would be our children…”

Ryou’s father spoke first and Yume’s mother quietly began sobbing. Ryou’s mother embraced the woman’s shoulders to comfort her. All four of them seemed to know what had happened.

“So what is this? Why did I turn into a…g-girl?”

He was embarrassed to have his parents, aunt, and uncle see the swollen chest of his shirt, so he blushed and shrank down. However, his arms only squeezed at the breasts, accentuating them further. His father and uncle blushed and looked away awkwardly.

When he glared at the unreliable men, his mother smiled gently to comfort her son and spoke kindly.

“Ryou, you’ve turned into Onikiri-hime. That’s the Ichijou family’s exorcising swordsman with the power to protect Oninagusamu-hime – that’s Yume-chan – from the Oni.”

“Onigiri…hime?”

He pictured a girl making rice balls at the local restaurant. Or maybe a convenience store worker.

“No, Onikiri-hime! Oni – stop there! – kiri-hime. Don’t forget to put the accent on the ‘ni’ and the ‘ri’!”

Ryou ignored his father's insistent argument.

"Protect Yume from the Oni? You mean more like that one will attack her?"

"Yes… She was chosen to be Oninagusamu-hime, who they go after as a sacrifice."

His uncle answered with a heavy sigh and everything about it was a surprise to Ryou.

"You know that we – or rather, the main Ichijou family – are a family of exorcists known as Oni Controllers that use Oni to drive out the evil spirits that have plagued this country since ancient times, don't you? The Oni whose brethren have unwillingly submitted themselves to our family hold a grudge against the Ichijou family and try to strike back against us. They also want the Ichijou family's spiritual power, so they choose the member of the family with the greatest spiritual power as a sacrifice and attempt to devour her."

"A-and that sacrifice is Yume?"

Ryou asked in a hoarse voice and his uncle nodded with an agonized look. He could not continue speaking, so Ryou's father continued for him.

"Yes. Our ancestors referred to the Oni's chosen sacrifice as Oninagusamu-hime. The power to control Oni only appears in women, so the Oni only target women. When Oninagusamu-hime has been a

powerful Oni Controller, she has been able to win over and use the Oni who attack her. But when an untrained Oninagusamu-hime with nothing more than great spiritual power, is attacked by a powerful Oni that she cannot hope to control…"

She would be devoured without putting up a fight.

"That is why our ancestors forged the Oni-slaying sword Zanshou and gave it the power to defeat and annihilate Oni rather than control them. They gave that sword to a maiden they called Onikiri-hime and had her protect Oninagusamu-hime."

"And that's me? B-but I'm a boy! Hime means it would be a girl, right? So why did I turn into a girl!?"

"The power to control Oni only resides in women even in the main Ichijou family. The Oni-slaying Onikiri-hime is also supposed to be a woman's role, but…I have heard that a male is occasionally chosen as Onikiri-hime. He supposedly gains a female body and the power to slay the Oni."

Ryou appreciated the explanation, but he wished his father would stop speaking in such overly dramatic tones at the important points. He even stood up for no reason, crossed his arms, and looked up into the sky out the window. It was really annoying and made it clear the man watched too many wuxia dramas.

Ryou began ignoring his father so the man would not get any more carried away, so his uncle took over again.

“Onikiri-hime is apparently chosen by Oninagusamu-hime as the member of the family she considers most suitable to protect her. Yume has relied on you since she was little, so she must have subconsciously chosen you to be her Onikiri-hime. Sorry…”

When his uncle lowered his head apologetically, Ryou could say nothing more.

(Yume relied on me…?)

But he could not fight or even play any sports, so could you really fight Oni to protect her? He had felt a strange power deep inside him since gaining this girl’s body, but he was still worried.

“Unlike the main family, a branch family like us thins the bloodline by marrying outside the family. That should have prevented the Oni from having anything to do with us, but a marriage between twin cousins must have made your and Yume’s blood thick enough. I’m sorry, Ryou-chan, but you’re the only one we can rely one. Protect our daughter…protect Yume from the Oni.”

His aunt wiped away the tears and held his hand tight as she earnestly begged him.

The “girl” could only gather his resolve and nod.

It was quite late by the time the explanations were complete, so Ryou returned to his room and lay on his bed. His parents, aunt, and uncle were still talking in the living room below.

He looked out the window and saw Yume's room with its broken glass and cracked wall. She had been moved to another room and was sleeping as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

He still had trouble believing it all. If he had not still been in a girl's body, he would have assumed it had all been a bad dream.

(I defeated that Oni, so they said my spiritual power should settle down as I sleep and I'll turn back into a boy.)

He could not believe he had defeated that thing. He trembled as he recalled its giant and fearsome form and remembered the nauseating rotting smell. Would something like that really attack Yume again? That thought scared him most of all. He doubted he could beat something like that again.

Nevertheless, he would still protect Yume.

He could not let that those repulsive Oni have that beloved girl.

He clenched his fist, but his arm accidentally brushed up against the top of his enlarged chest.

"Hyah!! Ah… Fwah~~~~"

A vivid sensation raced through his entire body and an exhausted itching filled those large mounds.

“H-honestly… What is with the female body? It’s way too sensitive…”

In his male body, he would not feel like this even if he accidentally touched his penis. He had just built up his resolve to protect his cousin from those Oni, yet a sweet disturbance instantly filled his mind.

(C-come to think of it, I touched my tits, but I-I never checked…d-downstairs.)

When taking a shower, he had been so shocked by everything that had happened that he had mechanically washed himself clean and he barely remembered it now. But now that he had returned to his room and calmed down some, his curiosity toward his unknown genderbent body reignited.

“I-I need to…check it out…”

He pulled off the tight shorts so he only wore boxers down there.

He hesitantly slipped a hand into that underwear. His heart raced as he felt a soft bulge on top of the pubis that was much thicker than when he was a boy. Then he moved his fingers further.

“Nn! Fwaahh!! Ah, ahh… I-it isn’t there… My dick is really gone!”

The area where his penis had been felt smooth and sank down further into the crotch. There was of course no sign of the wrinkled balls either.

He instinctually lifted his hips up and gasped at the ticklish tingling as he pressed his fingers harder against the strange sensation.

His fingers easily sank into the vertical crevice up to the first joint.

“Fwaaaah! Aghhhhhh!!”

To keep himself from shouting too loudly, he bit his blanket.

(What is this!? Ahhh, amazing. My whole body…is tingling… It’s like electricity is racing through me. No, it’s more than that. Something much, much hotter…is coming from deep inside… Fwah. My hips are lifting up on their own!! M-my tits were amazing, but this…my p-pussy is amazing too!)

Inside the crevice, he found sensitive flesh that filled his mind with blinding light when he touched it. Flower petals of thin flesh wrapped around his fingers. As he stirred them up, a sticky liquid produced an obscenely wet sound.

“Ahhhhhhahahahhhh. I-I’m wet! I’m wet!! Hyaah!”

Simply moving his finger up and down a little was enough for his mind to flash maddeningly in and out.

While his penis had grown harder the more he touched it, these feminine lips grew softer and grew soaked with overflowing love juices. The pleasure seemed to rise without end.

As a teenage boy who was very curious about the opposite sex, he fully lost himself in exploring his new body.

(Fwaaah. This…this thing feels so good…and it's mine. This is…my pussy. It's mine! Fwaaah. My fingers are sinking in. Ahh, there!!)

When he focused on the fact that this female sex organ was a part of his body, he thought the perverted sense of arousal would drive him insane. Before he knew it, he had spread his legs shamelessly wide and had found the narrow hole at the bottom of the female crevice his fingers were digging through.

(In…here…ah…)

It was opening and closing and love juices dripped from it like drool. If he stuck a finger in there, he might feel even greater pleasure. But…

(The first time…h-hurts for girls, doesn't it? But I'm a boy… And I haven't even done it as a boy. But…)

Fear quickly rose within him. The narrow entrance opened and closed as if asking him to stick his finger inside, but he stopped at just touching the entrance. He still felt a throbbing that made him twist his hips around, so he moved his fingertips elsewhere.

This time, he slid his fingers to the top of the wet crevice. They approached a stiff object covered by a hood of flesh that throbbed as it begged to be touched.

It more or less felt like his erect penis from when he was a boy. It was smaller than the tip of his pinky finger, but the instant he carelessly touched it, pleasure exploded inside him.

"Kfwaaaaaaaaahh!! Ahh, ahhhh! Ah, ah, ahhh!! Something's…about to… ee…I'm…cumming…nnnnnhaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

While still unaccustomed to his sensitive female body, he had built up the sweet sensation inside him by teasing his new feminine lips and then he had touched the concentrated pleasure nerves of the clitoris. He easily climaxed.

He thrust his crotch shamelessly high and something sprayed from the vagina that had been forced to wait.

"Hyaaah… Amazing… The female…body…ah…feels…too good…nnah…"

Unlike a boy's quickly extinguished orgasm, the pleasure did not fade and Ryou greedily sought the pleasures of his female body throughout the night.

I Awoke: Chapter the Second - The Oni that Steals Bodies

Ryou masturbated with his female body throughout the night.

How many times had he cum? As the number had grown, he had grown accustomed to the pleasure that rapidly grew sky high and he had grasped the process needed to reach orgasm. He knew all of the pleasurable parts of his girl's body.

He had suppressed the moans by biting down on his blanket, his consciousness had nearly slipped from his grasp more times than he could count, and he had passed out with his entire body convulsing by the time the sky began to brighten.

Yet once morning came, he woke up earlier than usual.

(————————!! Th-they're gone! And…it's back. I'm…a boy again.)

He quickly checked his chest and crotch and was relieved by the familiar sensations he found, but he also regretted not being able to experience that dazzling pleasure any more.

(That…wasn't a dream, was it?)

His sheets were so soaked with love juices he almost thought he had wet the bed.

The sweet feminine smell of sex could not be passed off as sweat and his male body reacted to it. When he realized those erotic juices had

come from his own female body, the swelling at his crotch grew even harder.

(I barely slept last night. If I wear myself out any more and fall back asleep, I'll be late.)

Even so, he stuck a hand in his nectar-soaked boxers and grabbed his erect penis. The sensation seemed lacking compared to the feminine pleasure, but it still provided a throbbing arousal different from that of a vagina.

(But…I can still shoot off one load, right?)

He prepared to stroke his manhood that had grown ferociously hard and thick as he recalled the pleasure he had felt with his girl's body.

But…

"Morning, Ryou-chan. Time to get up!"

Someone threw the door open without knocking.

"Ah! Y-Yume!!"

He frantically pulled his hand from his boxers when he heard her cheerful voice. He just barely made it, but he did not think she had seen. He pulled up the light summer blanket to hide his swollen crotch.

He had woken up early, but a fair bit of time had passed without him noticing.

“Ha ha. This is rare. You’re already up. You usually won’t wake up even when I shake you. Hurry up and get dressed. Breakfast is already ready~.”

That had been close. If he stayed in bed, she might just jump on top of him, so he quickly got up. Even so, his cousin sat down by the pillow with the feminine roundness and natural charm of her body contained within a school uniform.

The navy blazer with red ribbon was pushed out almost to bursting by her giant breasts which bounced to demonstrate their extraordinary softness and mass.

Her short strawberry-colored skirt fluttered up enough to see her pink panties.

His heart pounded at how defenseless she was acting even if he was her cousin and her peaceful and carefree face moved in close.

“D-do you need something!?”

“Hmm. I thought she looked like you, but I guess not. I had a bad dream last night and I thought the girl who saved me looked a lot like you.”

His heart leaped up into his throat. He tried to turn away, but Yume only moved her face in closer as the twintails of her wavy chestnut hair swayed. The intent gaze concerned the boy.

“Hmm. You do have a girly face, but you’re definitely a boy.”

Her breath tickled at him and their lips would touch if she leaned in any further. But before that happened, her ample breasts were going to press against his upper arm.

“Th-that’s enough nonsense for this morning! N-now, I need to get dressed, so leave! We’ll be late!”

“Oh, right. Sorry. I’ll be helping your mom downstairs.”

Even as he cruelly drove her away, she gave her usual full-faced smile and jogged out of the room. Ryou wiped the sweat from his brow as he heard her footsteps heading down the stairs.

“She thought it was a dream… Well, that is a lot like her.”

He had asked his parents, aunt, and uncle not to tell Yume that he had turned into a girl as Onikiri-hime. He had not expected her to find out, but he was glad to see she was not pursuing the issue any further.

“But she still had to mention the girly face that I’m so bothered about…”

A feminine face could have some charm if it came with the right kind of beauty, but his only looked boring compared to the dignified look when he was a girl.

He was fairly tall, but all of his nutrients must have gone to his height because he had a slender build with skinny arms and legs. He had once been forced to wear a skirt as punishment for losing a game, but it had suited him a little too well and created something of an unpleasant atmosphere.

"But I'm back to being a boy now, so I guess it doesn't matter."

He put the navy blazer and gray slacks of his uniform on that slender body, tied his red necktie, and started downstairs where he could hear Yume and his mother chatting.

Yume would eat breakfast early at her own home and then help Ryou's mother. She seemed to like watching him eat.

He did not want to lose this time with her, but he still wished she would use more of her busy morning time on herself or just sleep a little longer.

He also wondered how she felt about him. They were cousins and had lived next door since they were born, but did she feel anything more than that?

He wanted to ask, but he could not. When he thought about not receiving the answer he hoped for or about destroying their current relationship, he could not work up the courage.

Yume walked to school alongside him with a cheerful smile that was

oblivious to that inner conflict.

"So your room was partially destroyed and you slept right through it?"

"Not much can wake me up once I fall asleep. My dad apparently carried me to the guest room, but I had no idea and was shocked to find myself in another room when I woke up."

She had been told there was a powerful earthquake overnight and that it had made a mess of her room and only her room. It was an incredibly forced explanation, but she did not doubt it in the slightest.

That was just the kind of girl she was. If someone else told her there was not an earthquake the night before, they could just tell her the epicenter had been right below her room's floor so it had only shaken her room.

She would believe it. It was just who she was.

(At this rate, is she going to completely forget about the "dream" in two or three days' time?)

He could not keep his eyes off of her adorable smile as he thought.

(But…I can't believe we have powers like the main family…)

Ryou's expression clouded over as he recalled what his and Yume's parents had told him the night before.

He had heard before that the main Ichijou family had the power to control Oni and exorcise monsters. Around when he and Yume had been born, a great number of the undead had apparently arrived from overseas and the main family had driven them out. He had been taken there for a visit just once when he was younger. He remembered people with a uniquely frightening aura sitting silently in a large old-fashioned house.

A tremor ran through him as those long-forgotten memories rushed back. Goose bumps rose on his arms.

Yume had been with him then, so he glanced over at her, wondering if she remembered. But then a powerful slap struck his back.

“Why are you zoning out like an old man so early in the morning!? Did you forget to eat breakfast!?”

“Nwaaah!”

An energetic voice reached him on the way to school.

The unrestrained voice caused his ears to ring and he turned around with a grimace.

“Morning, Kimino-chan. Ryou-chan did eat breakfast. Um, he had two eggs, bacon, a salad, miso soup with daikon, and…”

“Yuuumeee!! Morning! You’re as cute as ever. You’re so soft and your tits are so big! Now, let’s see how much they’ve grown since yesterday!!”

“Ah! Th-that tickles, Kimino-chan.”

A slender body with muscles built from swimming energetically circled around front and gave Yume a good morning hug. The boyish and lively face gave an attentive smile and solidly grabbed Yume’s weighty breasts in both hands.

She was Sakatani Kimino.

She was childhood friends with Ryou and Yume and she was currently a classmate.

The other students stopped to watch.

Even if it was over the clothes, it was quite shocking to see a girl so

boldly grabbing another girl's breasts.

After a gasp of surprise, Ryou swung a somewhat powerful karate chop down toward the back of the reddish semi-short hair of the girl teasing Yume.

"Give it a rest, you idiot! We're in public!!"

Undeterred by the attack, she spun her healthy body around.

"Heh heh heh. Jealous, are we? You want a nice feel of Yume's alluring breasts too, don't you? They're so big, so soft, and so wonderful!"

She moved triumphantly toward him.

(Y-Yume's tits…)

He indomitably held his ground against her strange intensity and he desperately feigned calm on his blushing face. He kept his cousin's giant breasts in the corner of his eye and for some reason recalled the feeling of his own breasts that he had teased so thoroughly while he had a girl's body the night before.

"D-don't be silly. I don't want to-…"

"Ahh~ Kimino-chan…"

He trailed off when he saw his cousin blushing and covering her voluminous chest with her hands after escaping her childhood friend's grasp. He was afraid she would mistakenly think he did not want to touch her breasts in particular.

That was when Kimino proudly spoke up while pushing out the meager but well-shaped bulges inside her blouse.

"Oh, I see. Ichijou Ryou-kun, are you more into beautifully-shaped breasts that fit just right in the hand?"

A boy could not help but stare at a large pair of breasts, but it was also hard to resist these smaller ones when they were within arm's reach. Those modest mounds on her slim and well-trained body were obviously a trap, but he was still drawn to them.

He subconsciously gulped, and then…

"Okay, that's enough of teasing Ryou. Let's go, Yume."

Kimino turned her back as if to say "that's all folks" and headed for school lest they be late.

"Eh? Oh, r-right… We'll be going on ahead, Ryou-chan."

As her childhood friend returned to normal and tugged on her hand, Yume left while looking worried about her cousin. Her body had been weakened during the attack the night before and this had done a fair bit of psychological damage.

(Ha ha ha… That stupid girl… Dammit, who needs a flat chest anyway…?)

The looks of pity from the other students pained him.

He kept his sour grapes in his heart because he was afraid of what would happen if she heard him and he weakly walked down the path to school.

“Gym for first period? Whoever came up with this schedule is insane.”

Only the students with morning sports practice had any energy. Ryou nodded at the complaint of his equally unathletic classmate. The girls class also had gym and they had apparently been tasked with endurance running. The boys could hear the loud booing from the girls.

Kimino looked dejected and he gave her a look of triumph to get back at her for earlier, but she raised her middle finger in response. That girl was far too crude.

Next to her, every contour of Yume’s ample chest was indecently evident inside her gym shirt. Her plump bare legs and her large butt making its presence known inside her bloomers produced a charm that kept all the boys glancing her way.

The twintail girl waved over with an oblivious and defenseless smile. He mouthed “don’t push yourself too hard” and she nodded.

His cheeks started to relax at that adorable behavior of an obedient little creature, but…

“Comfy eye contact with your busty cousin first thing in the morning? I’m jealous, Ichijou~.”

An uttered curse reached him from behind and a thick arm grabbed him around the waist.

“Wha-!? Kasa!!”

“Heh heh heh. Only a fool lets me sneak up behind them. This is divine punishment for getting your own love comedy. Eat my Adam Suplex!”

Ryou was completely caught from behind and could not break free.

He would soon be thrown onto the thick mat for the running high jump. It would not hurt, but his pride as a boy refused to let himself be thrown.

He lowered his hips and the resistance caused his gym shirt to slip up and the arm around his waist slid up to his chest. And as soon as they touched his nipples…

“Kyaaaah!!”

It felt like an electric shock.

He could not hold in the girly scream and he crouched down on the spot.

(What was th-that…?)

“H-hey, you all right?”

“Um, yes… You just rubbed me weird and it surprised me.”

As Ryou curled up and held his chest, his classmate looked worried he had gone too far. The boy held out a helping hand as Ryou tried to feign calm and stand up. And once he took that hand…

“Hyawah!!”

This time, his heart started beating oddly fast. He felt weirdly disturbed by the solid grasp of his friend’s fingers and thick masculine palm, so he backed away.

He lost balance and his slender body fell back onto its butt.

“H-hey, Ichijou?”

“S-sorry. I didn’t sleep much last night, so I’m feeling kind of faint. I-I think I’ll go lie down in the infirmary a bit.”

He answered his worried-looking classmate and stood up before the boy could touch him.

He said he was fine and rejected the offer to go with him. He controlled his impatient legs and pretended to be sick so he could head to the infirmary.

(What was that feeling? It felt as sensitive as when I was a girl…)

The faint smell of disinfectant stung at his nose as he threw himself onto the infirmary bed and stared up at the white ceiling. He no longer felt that way. He hesitantly touched his own nipples, but it only tickled a little and the maddening explosive sensation from his girl's body was absent.

(Is that still lingering with me in some weird way? I can't do any kind of wrestling like this.)

Boys generally did not touch each other like girls did, but he was still worried it would affect his friendships in some strange way.

(Is another Oni going to attack Yume? If so, will I turn into a girl…into Onikiri-hime again?)

He intended to protect Yume no matter what happened, but if possible,

he wanted to avoid doing anything as frightening as fighting those Oni. And gaining a girl's body would bring problems of its own.

He closed his eyes as his worries spun through his head and sleepiness quickly set in.

He dozed off while listening to the distant voices of his classmates in the schoolyard, but then the infirmary door opened.

"Are you okay, Yume? You need to watch your step."

"I know. Sorry, Kimino-chan. I just started feeling faint all of a sudden."

He threw open the partition curtain when he heard two familiar voices.

"Yume! What's the matter!? Did you trip!?"

"Hweh, Ryou-chan!? What's the matter? Are you sick? You need to lie down."

"You're the one that needs to lie down. C'mon!"

Worried for her cousin who got up from the infirmary bed, Yume walked unsteadily over, but her childhood friend pushed her into the adjacent empty bed.

"Can you believe this girl? She collapsed right as the endurance run

began. Are you getting your sleep? …Actually, I guess it's impossible for you to not get enough sleep."

She would start dozing off by about nine at night and would be asleep on the floor half an hour later. And once she fell asleep, she would not wake until morning.

This childhood friend had known the girl's incredible sleeping habits for a long time, so she got Yume to crawl under the blanket. Yume looked embarrassed, but her eyelids were already heavily closed.

Her poor health was almost certainly due to the events of the previous night. A violent Oni had awoken her from her slumber, attacked her, and devoured her spiritual power. However, Kimino would not believe that and it would only worry her further if she did.

"I've been feeling a little tired lately too, so I think I'll join you there. We can get some nice shutey-…that was fast! She's already asleep…"

The childhood friend's eyes widened at Yume's abnormal ability to fall sleep. She then sighed and sat down on Ryou's bed.

"Hey, I'd kind of like to get some sleep too."

Her long and healthily toned legs sprawled carelessly out from her bloomers.

When that energetic girl rudely spread her legs, it did not look indecent. Instead, her lively charm drew the boy's eye. Unsure where to

look, he peeked over at Yume's sleeping face. Kimino spoke mischievously to him as he let Yume's happy expression soothe him.

"Go right ahead! I don't mind if you go to sleep. How about you rest your head in my lap while you're at it? Or would you have sweeter dreams resting your head on Yume's chest?♪"

It looked like he would have to give up on getting any sleep. Plus, it got on his nerves how she always teased him. Since Yume was asleep, he decided to fight back for once and rolled over to place his head on his childhood friend's bare lap.

"Hyah!! Ry-Ryou..."

"Yes, I think I'll take you up on that offer. Wake me up once the class is over."

In her uniform, her thighs would have been covered by her skirt, but they were bare now and he felt their warmth below the back of his head. He did not want her to see his rapidly reddening face, so he rolled onto his side. That brought the crotch of her navy blue bloomers into view.

(Wh-whoops! I turned the wrong way!!)

He ended up staring at the mound of her pubis pushing out the fabric and he completely lost his chance to roll back over. He was certain she would slap him and he braced himself, but...

"O-okay. I-I'll wake you up...once the bell rings..."

She replied in a barely audible voice. He gulped and prepared to sit up, but her hand stopped him by gently touching his hair.

“Kimi…no…?”

She was acting different from normal.

She had a way of meddling and would sometimes tease him in sexual ways to see his look of surprise, but she had grown oddly obedient. He wondered if this was the lead-up to some kind of teasing, but then she spoke in a quiet, scratchy voice.

“H-hey, Ryou. Is my l-lap…comfortable?”

The flexible and feminine softness of her thighs was more than just comfortable. After rolling over, his ear and cheek were pressed against her smooth skin and it filled him with excitement.

However, resting his head on a girl’s lap for the first time had left him far too aroused to sleep. A crotch wearing bloomers sat right before his eyes and his gaze was glued to the faint vertical line visible through the fabric.

He was close enough for his breath to reach her, so he tried to suppress his heavy breathing while having difficulty finding an answer to her question. Meanwhile, she asked him again while softly rubbing his hair.

“C’mon…tell me… I want to know what you think… It’s the least you can do…after I let you do this…”

“Y-yeah… It’s comfortable…”

His voice was scratchy and he gulped.

“I see… Then I’ll tear that head off so it can sit in my lap forever.”

Kimino’s voice suddenly transformed into something horrific. This was fundamentally different from the tone she always used to tease him. He felt a chill at the blatant malice in her voice. He quickly tried to get up, but the fingers in his hair grasped his head and pressed it to her lap so hard he thought his head would burst.

“Gwaaah! Ki…mino…!?”

He was shocked, but he somehow managed to turn his head enough to see her face out of the corner of his eye.

Some hint of his childhood friend’s boyish face remained, but her eyes were bloodshot and her smile was filled with violent joy.

Sharp fangs poked from the corners of her mouth and two horns had grown from her head, so she was undoubtedly an Oni.

“What…? Kimi…no! Kimino!!”

Her feminine curves were overwhelmed by bulging muscles like a bodybuilder who had gone too far. Her body's height and thickness grew more than two sizes larger and her gym shirt tore to reveal the bulges that might have been breasts or pecs.

The bloomers alone remained to hide her crotch, but the fabric was bulging to the point of bursting. The muscular butt could not hope to fit, so the back dug deep into her butt like a thong.

She did not seem at all embarrassed and she continued holding down Ryou's head with enough monstrous strength to strain his skull. She also sent a sticky look all across Yume's sleeping body.

Ryou was shaken by a hopeless sense of despair. An icy chill ran down his spine and his vision grew dark.

Oni were spiritual beings, so they apparently tended to take physical form by possessing people. That person would undergo a hideous transformation and gain inhuman strength.

(Why did this…happen to Kimino!? Don't tell me it was because she was with us!)

The Oni had tried to attack Yume and Kimino was the only other one there.

They could not possess Ryou. After all…

"Kwaaaahh!!"

The boy's body emitted a bluish-white light as the Oni held his head down.

He groaned at the sensation of his body's structure changing from within and the change showed itself on the surface.

His chest rapidly swelled out into seductively ripe fruits that pushed out his PE shirt.

His shorts also grew tight as new soft flesh grew on his butt. Just like in his around-the-house clothing the night before, the shorts dug into his crotch and filled him with a throbbing that made him fidget.

His waist grew thin and his bodylines gained supple curves.

His eyes grew sharp and angled, giving him a cold beauty, and his hair grew into a long black ponytail.

Ichijou Ryou visibly transformed into Onikiri-hime who gained the power to slay Oni in order to protect Oninagusamu-hime, the chosen sacrifice of the Oni who hated the Oni Controllers.

The power to control Oni was only held by women and the same was true of the power to slay them.

He had been bon a boy, so his sex was forced to change.

(Kh… I’m turning into a girl again…)

He did not have time for confusion or embarrassment.

He had to protect Yume from the Oni’s villainy.

(But…Kimino!!)

The Oni attacking them now was the childhood friend who had played with them since they were little.

(What do I do? I can’t hurt Kimino! But Yume’s in danger.)

He could not attack. He managed to break free of the hand squeezing his head and he rolled himself and the Oni from the bed to get as far away from Yume as he could.

“Gh!”

His back slammed into the floor and the Oni straddled him as he groaned and gasped for breath.

“Ahh!! G-get off of me!”

“Curse your interference, Onikiri-hime. I’ll eat you first so I can take my time devouring Oninagusamu-hime! And aren’t you even going to attack? What a weak guardian!!”

It had to know the reason why and it gave him a look of blatant scorn.

"Still, you are overflowing with spiritual power. You alone might be enough to fill my stomach."

The Oni in Kimino's body licked its lips above the "girl" on "her" back and sucked at one of the breasts through the gym shirt. Its pursed lips sucked at the erect and throbbing nipple.

"Hyaah! N-no!! Stop tha-…hwaaah! Don't suck at it! I'm a guy! I…how could this be happening…ahhhh!!"

"Geh heh heh. Spiritual power is practically gushing from this tip."

The small bead exploded with such hot sensitivity that he thought his mind was being sucked from him.

The obscene vacuum noise of bubbling saliva tickled at the skin and he could not suppress the tremor that ran through his entire body. The tongue rolled around the nipple as if to help the spiritual power out and an almost painful throbbing filled the entire breast.

(Ahhh, what is this!? Something's filling me…deep in my stomach… Oh, no… At this rate, I'll cum…)

The girl's body was reacting to the pleasure.

He was unable to attack his childhood friend even in Oni form, so he could only submit himself to the teasing and tremble seductively on the floor while uttering shrill moans. He was breathing as heavily as after a full-speed sprint and his entire body was soaked with a sweet feminine-smelling sweat, but the Oni's lips finally left his breast.

(Ahhh!! It's already ov-...no, I mean it's finally over...)

Shocked by the desire in the back of his mind for it to continue, he focused on the opposing feeling of relief. He was wriggling his body and shaking his breasts, but he insisted to himself that did not come from a desire for it to continue. Then the Oni's face moved lower than the breasts and instead buried itself in his crotch.

"Wait! No!! Not here! Fwaaaaaahaaaaa~~~~!!"

A hot breath blew on the crotch.

The shorts dug even further into his crotch and the Oni's tongue stuck into the feminine slit through them.

(Khhh. My underwear...is digging into my slit!! If you lick me there...!)

The Oni licked from the bottom to the top of the pubis and he felt a joy fill his crotch that made him want to press his hips up against the tongue.

As that sweet sensation dyed his mind, the clitoris throbbed madly from the cramped stimulus. He felt the vagina loosening and opening as

hot sex nectar flowed out.

"Keh heh heh heh… Just a little lick and these filthy juices are already flowing? What a horny Onikiri-hime."

"If you do that…anyone would…fwaah, ahhh!!"

Sweet moans spilled from his lips as he was ruled by pleasure incomparable to that of his boy's body.

His arms and leg went limp and he could not even try to escape.

"Maybe so, but you loosen up way too easily! Your pussy's already soaked!"

"Ahhh, no!! Ah, ah, ah, ahhhhhh!"

The shorts and boxers were dripping with saliva on the outside and love juices on the inside, but the Oni slid them both to the side, exposing Ryou's crotch. A silly moan spilled from his lips at the way the fabric rubbed as it was dislodged and at the release from the tight confinement.

"It's completely loosened and opened up. Keh heh heh heh. You must want something in there pretty bad."

As fingers with pointed nails pulled back the outer lips, a tremor ran down Ryou's spine.

“Hyah…ahhh!!”

The Oni stirred up the thin inner lips and the flesh within, so a sweet sensation rushed up to his head.

The stickiness of the love juices raised the pleasure even further.

He subconsciously arched his back and forced up his giant lovely breasts. The shirt was soaked with sweat and the nipples stood visibly erect as if begging for the pleasure from earlier.

However, the Oni’s lips sucked at the vulva with its vagina and urethra exposed.

“Fweeeh, eh, ehhhh. Ahh, hwaahhhh! Fwaaaaahhh!!”

Even the love juices deep inside the vagina were mercilessly sucked out. The tongue forced apart the sensitive slit as it dug into the vagina and rolled around the clitoris.

“Hyah!! Ahh! Not…there…ahh, that’s too rough!! I’m going insane…my mind is going to break! Fwehhh. No…fwaaaaahhhh!!”

The hood was pulled back from that most sensitive bead and it was licked so hard it was crushed under the pressure.

The pleasure hit him like physical blows and the next stimulus would

explode inside him before the previous one had faded.

(Kh, hh, ahhh! If you…lick me…there…I'll go…crazy!)

His heart was pounding so hard he thought it would burst and he had trouble breathing.

Waves of pleasure shook his entire body and sweet moans surged from his mouth.

"Ahh, your spiritual power is quite delectable. I think I'll force out some more."

Spiritual power apparently flowed out when he felt pleasure.

Having it eaten only increased the sluggishness of his body. The Oni that had taken his childhood friend's body stuck its finger into Ryou's vagina to suck out even more of his power.

"Hyah! Ahhh!! No, don't stick it…in!"

The previous pleasure had completely loosened up the hole, so the fingertip easily slipped inside. A shock ran through his hips and sapped his body of strength. This was a crisis, yet his breasts bounced around.

This was the second time he had become a girl. He had so little experience with this body that whenever anything pleasurable happened, he could not suppress the desire for more. He knew he should not, but he

thrust his hips out to shamefully beg for more.

(Ahh, I'm acting like a horny slut. Fwaaaahhh~~)

However, that further built up the masochistic arousal inside him.

He intentionally insulted himself in his thoughts while his lower body convulsed.

"How can you say that when your pussy's this wet? You're even pushing your hips back up against my hand. Here, I'll push it in even deeper!"

"Ah, ahhh, ahhhhhh!! I-it's going in…hyaaaaaaaaaah!"

When masturbating the night before, he had been too afraid to stick a finger in here. He had felt like experiencing that pleasure would cross the point of no return between boy and girl.

And the sweetness that exploded inside his vagina told him he had been exactly right.

The sticky vaginal walls were forced open he felt an overwhelming presence moving deep within his body. And yet this was just a single finger.

What if it were a penis instead? As that sudden question came to mind, he realized he was thinking like a girl and he burned with embarrassment.

(E-eeee! The finger's…inside me. It's stirring me up!! Ahh, amazing! How can a finger inside you…feel so good!! Ahhh, I can't stand it!)

Even so, his mind was ruled by the masochism of someone else having their way with his girl's vagina.

As the vaginal walls tightened they did not push the foreign object out. In fact, they tightened down on it to increase the sensation of contact. The honey pot deep inside continued to throb as it produced more and more love juices that provided an obscenely wet noise to the fingering.

He was worried that the rough treatment would break his hymen.

(Do I…have a hymen? I've never had sex… Wait, why am I thinking about this?)

He was a boy and yet he was worried about his hymen.

His female sexuality ruled his thoughts and drowned out his self-consciousness as a boy.

As unease rose within him, the Oni's playfully wriggling finger found a point of slight indentation inside the vagina and roughly scraped at it.

"Ahhh!! Fwah, not…there! Ahhhh, stop…ahhhhh!!"

An even more powerful sensation directly shook Ryou's womb.

(Hyaaah! What…is this? It's…too good. It's rising up…within me!!)

The fingertip had been stirring up the vagina sometimes roughly and sometimes gently, but now it focused on a single point and applied pressure at a set rhythm.

The sexuality within Ryou's female body had risen plenty already, but that brought it up to dangerous levels.

"Ah, ah…ahuhh! No, you're kidding…fwaah, why? Ahh, something's… something's coming…fwaaah, help…me…ah, no…"

The throbbing of his womb was incredible. Goose bumps covered his skin as it trembled in anticipation.

His eyes widened as his face twisted into an expression that may have been agony or may have been a smile. His butt tensed up in preparation.

"Hmph! Now cum, Onikiri-hime!"

With an unexpectedly strong attack on that pleasure spot, the Oni also lightly flicked Ryou's clitoris with its tongue tip.

"Hyah!? No, ahhhh, no, here…here it comes…I'm cummming!!"

Light exploded in the back of his mind and his consciousness flashed in and out.

The intense pleasure from the clitoris and vagina raced across his entire body.

A wrenching longing filled his womb and intense convulsions washed across him.

“I’m…cumming. Fwaaaaaah! Ahhh!! Hyah, fwaaaaahhhh~~~!”

His entire body shook and his crotch thrust up as high as it would go. Climax fluids squirted out like he was pissing himself and soaked Kimino’s possessed face.

(Ah…ah, ahh…vaginal…orgasm…is way too…good…)

His hazy mind was still flashing in and out as he gave himself over to the pleasure.

If it felt this good, he wished he had put his own finger in the night before.

He blankly recalled that this state was exactly what he had been afraid of, but he let himself bask in the tingling pleasure of the throbbing vagina and womb that made the entire girl’s body feel great.

“Hah hah! Now this is some amazing spiritual power!! There’s so much and it’s so thick! And to think I still get to devour Oninagusamu-hime after eating this!!”

The Oni rejoiced in the overflowing spiritual power while viewing Ryou's sexual state.

The thick pleasure showed no sign of fading, so his entire body had gone limp and he could not move a single finger.

His heart alone was beating like an alarm bell and steamy sexual sweat seeped out onto his skin.

He felt like he would simply die as he soaked in the orgasmic pleasure.

And yet that thought sounded wonderful to him at the moment.

Once the Oni finished devouring his spiritual power, his life would be snuffed out.

"Yawn… Huh? It's that cool girl who saved me in my dream…"

Yume sleepily crawled along the neighboring bed to reach the collapsed genderbent boy.

"What!? Oninagusamu-hime!!"

She had been fast asleep, so when had she woken up? Ryou had not sensed her presence and she was already nearly to his side. She had no idea this was her cousin turned into a girl to protect her and she peered into that lovely face that had grown slack from orgasm.

The Oni had been caught off guard too and looked utterly shocked.

The monster stopped feeding on Ryou's spiritual power and tried to attack.

"Yawn~ Such pretty boobs… She's so cool…"

But she unintentionally dodged the Oni's claws. She seemed to still be half-asleep and she buried her face in the chest of Ryou's gym shirt that revealed the shape of his giant breasts so perfectly.

"Boobies…nyah…♪"

"Ahh! Ah, wh-what…is this!? I'm filling with…strength!!"

Yume's lips moved right to one of the nipples and lovingly sucked on it.

His girl's body had begun releasing all of its spiritual power when he climaxed, but vitality rapidly filled him anew.

"Oh…ahhhhhhh!! W-wow…! Ah!! Ahhhhhh!"

He had been too limp to move a finger, but he stood up from the bed as if he had grown wings. At the same time, he had Yume roll behind him where he could protect her.

(Power flowed into me from Yume? I didn't just recover! This power is even greater than when I started!!)

He held his arm up and an Oni-slaying sword with a glittering crimson blade appeared in it.

"C-curse you, Onikiri-hime! I thought I had sucked out all your spiritual power!"

The shocked Oni quickly flared up with anger. They were at point-blank range and the Oni's body was much, much larger.

It tried to crush Ryou with its sharp claws and fangs.

He caught the attack on the back of the sword.

"Kh!"

He was sent flying back to slam into the infirmary wall, but he flipped around and kicked off the wall.

He held the great sword at the ready as his genderbent body flew through the air with catlike flexibility.

He flipped upside down, kicked off the ceiling to build up his momentum, and swung the blade down toward the Oni.

His breasts bounced enough to hit his chin, so they were just in the way.

“Gwoh!!”

The Oni flipped out of the way with nimbleness unimaginable from its size.

As Ryou’s attack missed and was thrown off his balance, the Oni sent a sharp kick toward the side of his head.

He dodged and swung up the blade for a counterattack.

“Are you sure you want to do that? You’ll hurt your friend!”

“————!! Kh!”

The Oni had possessed Kimino’s body, so he could not attack. He could not hurt her.

He stopped the blade just before lopping off the leg and stuck to simply dodging the kick.

(What do I do? How do I save Kimino and defeat this thing!?)

He had also held back at the last second with the attack from kicking off the ceiling.

He could not carelessly attack when the enemy was a hostage. What was he supposed to do?

He tried to figure something out as he pointed the tip of the blade at the thinly smiling Oni.

And as soon as he clung to the hilt of that magic blade…

"————!! Ah…"

Knowledge flowed into the back of his mind.

(What is…this…?)

This Oni-slaying blade had cut down countless Oni that attacked in their desire for Oninagusamu-hime.

It bore the name Zanshou and the strategies used by generations of guardians were passed onto Ryou.

"Impure Oni that yearns to devour Oninagusamu-hime. Have a taste of my Zanshou and perish!!"

There was no hesitation in those slanted eyes.

Onikiri-hime glared at the Oni with a dignified look overflowing with fighting spirit.

“What!? Cut me down and you will damage this body’s owner as well!! Are you sure you want that? …Kwoh!”

When the Oni saw that threats would get it nowhere, it made an attack.

It rushed in with sharp claws raised and fangs bared.

Ryou pulled the sword back next to his face, lowered his hips, and aimed the tip.

“Tseiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!”

Ryou’s powerful stomp shook the infirmary.

Before the Oni could grab him, he made a powerful thrust toward the chest.

Just before the tip sank in, he pulled it back.

“Gah!? Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The hideous form immediately fell to its knees.

“I-impossible!! My body…my bodyyyyyyyyy!”

Its body shook violently as a black miasma flowed out. The body quickly transformed back into Ryou's childhood friend. She had been pierced through the chest, but there was not a scratch on her.

"That is not your body! That is Kimino's body!!"

He made a full horizontal swing of the blade aimed at the swirling miasma.

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

As the blood-red blade sliced through, the Oni's true form of black smoke let out a death cry and vanished.

"I-I defeated…the Oni… I can't believe it possessed Kimino… But that was a close one. If Yume hadn't given me that power… Oh, and it's all gone now that I've fought. But…"

The strange atmosphere had left the infirmary, so it was once more a still space that smelled of disinfectant. As the bell rang to indicate the end of the class period, the surging energy and the Oni-slaying sword both vanished.

"And…I'm really sleepy… Is that because I didn't get any sleep last night and I didn't get any here either?"

But the drowsiness was too powerful. It had settled down during the fight, but the never-ending pleasure of orgasm and the lethargy that followed rapidly returned.

"I can…get some rest…until second period starts…right?"

He did not think he could remain conscious any longer and all strength left his body.

Yume had fallen asleep again and Kimino had not regained consciousness after returning from her Oni form. Ryou collapsed onto the bed alongside them and was soon producing the steady breathing of sleep.

I Awoke: Chapter the Third - I am a Girl

Ryou's cousin remained asleep with a carefree look on her face and showed no sign of waking.

Their childhood friend lay on the next bed over wearing only her bloomers.

Her shirt had burst when she transformed into an Oni, so her somewhat small breasts were exposed. He wanted to get her dressed, but there was nothing he could do.

There was nothing he could do about his own state of dress either.

He did his best not to look at her immodestly exposed body and placed the blanket over her.

(Really, now! What is going on with my body!?)

He had defeated the Oni trying to attack Yume.

It had been possessing Kimino, but she was back to normal and unharmed.

The maddening pleasure toying with his body had settled down after a quick nap and the overflowing energy he had used to defeat the Oni had calmed. He was supposed to have returned to his male body after that, but he remained a girl.

(I can’t let my classmates see me like this.)

His only choice was to sneak out of the school and return home.

He still wore his gym clothes. He had wanted to change, but his uniform was in the classroom.

If he went to get it, he would have to expose his girl’s form to the class. And if they found out he had a girl’s body now, who knows what they would do to him.

(They might go beyond just feeling up my tits…)

“C-c’mon, Ichijou!! Just the tip!! We’re friends, aren’t we!?”

“Uhyah! They’re so soft! You’ve got some really nice-feeling tits here!! I can touch your a-ass too, can’t I?”

His vision grew dark as he imagined how his classmates would probably treat him.

He wanted to believe they would not do that, though.

Modoribashi Academy split the classes between boys and girls.

They were free to commingle during the breaks between classes and

afterschool, but he did not like the thought of that filthy classroom of only boys. If he set foot in there as a girl, he knew it would not end well.

And so he rushed home.

It was blatantly suspicious for a schoolgirl to be wandering around town in a gym outfit during school hours, so he pretended to be running an off-campus marathon for gym class. The gym clothes were soaked with a sexual sweat and the orgasmic fluids, but that actually helped as it would make it look like he had worked up a sweat while running.

(I need to get home quickly, but I can really feel everyone's eyes on me. I can't seem to relax.)

His parents would have asked the main Ichijou family, headquarters of the Oni Controllers, about this, so they might know why he was still a girl and they might know how to fix it.

That thought sped up his pace. He was not wearing a bra below the gym shirt, so the breasts were free to bounce around so fiercely he thought they would burst free of the fabric.

There seemed to be a lot of people around for some reason and their eyes all focused on the two mounds bouncing so seductively on the running girl's chest.

(My chest is what everyone's looking at!?)

It took him a while to realize that.

As his feet kicked off the ground, the two giant breasts would bounce up and down.

Once he was focused on it, the movement embarrassed him. On top of that, the inside of the shirt rubbed painfully against his nipples.

“Wow. Look at the size of those tits. But aren’t they bouncing a little too much? That’s so sexy.”

“Is that girl not wearing a bra? I’m glad I was here to see this!!”

“Why is she running around here in gym clothes? Actually, I don’t care. I just need to take as many photos as I can.”

The voices of the passersby brought his embarrassment to the limit.

(Khhhh!! Don’t look, dammit!)

He could make some pretty good guesses just what fantasies were playing out in those men’s minds as they looked at his girl’s body.

He restrained the urge to shout at them and sped up even further even though it made his breasts bounce around all the more. He just wanted to get home as soon as possible.

When he finally made it home, his dignified face was a deep red from the looks of all the passersby.

The embarrassment had made him sweat even more than the running and the gym clothes were even more soaked. He changed into a familiar T-shirt and cargo pants and was finally able to relax.

He sighed while drinking some cold barley tea his mother brought him.

He suddenly realized his parents had been oddly kind since he turned into a girl. They were probably just trying to help him get through this trying time, but they did seem to be pampering him a little much.

They had mostly left him to his own devices when he was a boy. He had actually preferred that, so the sudden change felt a little annoying.

“You mean you don’t know when I’ll turn back into a boy?”

“That’s right. The most likely explanation is that your ability to sense evil energy had grown too sensitive, so you’re sensing an Oni that has yet to materialize and keeping your body ready to fight. The members of the main family can control their spiritual power, but those of us in the branch family haven’t been trained to do that.”

They had apparently asked the main family what the deal was. Ryou could only sigh in disappointment at his father’s explanation.

(So I’ll be stuck like this for a while?)

How had this happened to him? And how could Yume be the target of

the Oni as Oninagusamu-hime?

They were both from the branch family line that was supposed to have long ago lost their spiritual power and ability to control Oni. His parents only ever visited the main family for New Year's and Ryou had not gone along for years.

(Yume apparently goes with her parents every year, but the main family is so creepy…)

He recalled the uncomfortable atmosphere he had felt the last time he was there.

Until now, Oninagusamu-hime and Onikiri-hime had always come from the main family line, so they had been able to use their ability to control the Oni.

If they had been children of the main family, they may have been able to handle this just fine.

(The main family maintains their spiritual power by marrying within the bloodline, so if Yume and I were born to the main family, would we have been…married as cousins?)

He would be delighted to marry her, but he might not feel so great about it if it was forced on them as their familial duty. He felt like he understood why his ancestors in the branch family had chosen to leave the main family for a life of freedom, even if it meant losing their ability to control Oni.

(I just hope Yume and I turn back to normal soon…)

Someone from the main family was supposed to arrive to investigate the oddity and provide instructions, but the main family was busy with a variety of things and it would take some time before someone showed up.

“I told your teacher you left straight from the infirmary because you weren’t feeling well. And it seems Yume-chan and Kimino-chan are fine.”

As he was lost in thought while listening to his father tell him what the main family said, his mother returned after calling the school.

Ryou had of course been worried about Yume, but he had also been worried about his childhood friend who he had left half-naked in the infirmary. The “girl” breathed a sigh of relief and “her” mother leaned in close with a concerning look of enjoyment.

“By the way, Ryou-chan. You’re gonna need some clothes, aren’t you?”

At first, he did not understand. He had plenty of clothes and he was not interested in dressing up. He was also a little weirded out by the “chan” she added to his name. She had never called him that when he was a boy.

“To be honest, I’ve always wanted a daughter. Looking like that, you could be just as cute as Yume.”

(What in the hell are you talking about, you sorry excuse for a father?)

He immediately wanted to murder his father, but he also grasped what his mother had meant.

“By clothes…do you mean…girl’s clothes?”

“What else would she mean!?”

“What else would I mean♪!?”

The couple immediately replied in perfect unison.

“You always looked so dull as a boy, but those sharp angled eyes make you look so dignified as a girl~ I can’t wait to figure out what outfit looks best on you. We need to buy some underwear too. You take after me with those giant boobs, so you need a proper bra♪”

Yume and his mother both had large chests. They seemed to be a large-breasted bloodline. Not that that mattered now.

“N-not a chance! I-I’m not wearing girl’s clothes!! I’m a boy! I-I never want to wear girl’s underwear!! What I have is good enough!”

The physical transformation was enough of a shock, so he was not sure he could maintain his sanity if he also had to wear women’s clothing. He stormed out of the living room, leaving his cheerful parents behind.

“Ryou-chan?”

“I’m going to the bathroom! Don’t follow me!!”

His mother pursued him with a puzzled tilt of the head, so he gave her a threatening glare and fled to somewhere he could be alone.

“Honestly. This isn’t just fun and games… It’s a huge problem for me!”

He unzipped the cargo pants. He seemed to have drunk too much tea after running because the urge to pee rapidly rose within him. He brought his fingers to his crotch to deal with that, but then he realized something.

“I-it’s not there!? Oh, right… I’m a girl…”

He wanted to pee standing up, but he lacked the penis needed to guide the urine. As he stood there in confusion, the urge to pee only grew.

“How do I do this as a girl!? I sit down…right? But, wow. I really have to pee!”

He had not been ready for this at all, so he panicked a little. And perhaps due to the difference in bodily structure, he had far less resistance to the urge than as a boy. This panicked him further. At this rate, he was going to pee himself.

“Y-you’re kidding, right!? No, I can’t get the button undone.”

He was already rubbing his inner thighs together to bear with the tension in his lower stomach. He could tell the stream was going to burst forth as soon as he relaxed in the slightest.

He only needed to unbutton the pants, pull them down, and sit on the toilet, but he was too panicked to do even that.

“Oh, no…Why…why can’t I get them off!?”

He struggled with the pants while wiggling his butt with his legs bent. He finally managed to get the button through the small hole in the thick fabric and started lowering the cargo pants, but…

“————————!! Ah, ahhh, ahhhh~~~~~~!”

He may have prematurely relaxed because a warm liquid flowed from the loosely closed urethra.

“N-no…I…didn’t make it…”

His entire body relaxed at the indescribable sense of release.

The great pressure in his lower stomach was released and it felt good enough to send a tremor through him.

At the same time, he felt so pathetic he wanted to cry.

He was in high school and yet he had just pissed himself.

Plus, he could not stop it once it had started. The stream flowing from his bladder passed through the short urethra and soon leaked out.

With his legs bent and pants half-lowered, the urine flowed from his crotch, down his leg, and into a large puddle on the floor. Its warmth brought despair. The way the wet cargo pants stuck to his leg only made him feel more pathetic.

(Uuh… A girl's body can't hold it in at all…)

The long, long urination finally ended and he was overcome with lethargy.

He just about fell down onto the pee-soaked floor, but…

"Ryou-chan, are you okay? Can you go to the bathroom on your own? Oh, my!!"

He had apparently forgotten to lock the door, so his mother, worried that he was taking so long, opened it.

"You idiot! Wh-why would you just open the door like that? …At least… knock…"

He wanted to die. Having his mother see him soaked in pee like this was the worst. He wanted to act tough, but he felt so pathetic tears welled up in his eyes.

He was fairly certain any attempt to speak would end in sobbing, so he did not even try. She told him to wait a moment, headed for another room, and soon came back.

On the way, she made sure Ryou's father stayed away when he started approaching to see what was going on.

"They say girls have a lot harder time holding it in, so it must be completely different for you know. I should have warned you. Sorry."

She swiftly removed his half-lowered cargo pants and neatly wiped off his piss-soaked lower body with a towel.

"Go take a shower to clean yourself off. I'll have a change of clothes ready for you."

He felt like he had been transported back to his younger years as he was sent off to the bath.

Her next task was likely to clean up the bathroom floor covered in her "daughter's" pee.

He felt bad, but he wordlessly walked to the bath, removed his T-shirt, and turned the shower's faucet.

He trembled at the cold water, but the powerful spray gradually grew warmer and helped soothe his depressed feelings.

(When will I turn back into a boy? I'm not sure I can keep going as a girl.)

When he hung his head, he could not help but stare at the weighty mounds that the water droplets were bouncing off of. He sighed at the thought of his coming life as a girl.

.....

When Ryou woke up in the morning, he never wanted to leave the bed.

Despite his apparent depression, he had ended up spending all night masturbating.

Remembering pissing himself and having his mother clean up after him brought on an odd arousal that allowed him to cum countless times, so he was truly hopeless.

"I may have a girl's body, but I'm actually a guy. I can't help it if I'm really horny."

The endless lust of a high school boy combined with that sensitive and perfectly-proportioned girl's body was the ultimate drug. No one could resist that.

He muttered an excuse to himself, made up his mind, and got up.

Yume always showed up to wake him, but she was not here today. According to her mother, she had headed to school on her own.

(That's unavoidable for a while. I can't walk to school with her when I look like this.)

After taking his shower, his mother had brought him to buy some clothes.

He had been unable to resist so soon after letting her see something so embarrassing and he did not want to remember how she had used him as her dress-up doll. She had even put him in a dress he did not think he would ever have a chance to wear and even some highly revealing and risqué outfits. She had refused to listen to anything he said and had chosen all of the clothes on her own.

He put on the plainest and most modest white underwear using the method she had taught him before.

"Th-this feels weird."

Without the penis and balls getting in the way, the fabric of the panties clung tightly to the crotch. His butt had more volume than when he had been a boy yet there was far less fabric than his boxers. The well-shaped and soft mounds were contained tightly within.

The biggest change from being a boy was the feeling of the sizable mounds on his chest being so gently enveloped.

"I'm a guy, yet I'm wearing a bra… This is so weird…"

More than just weird, the previously unrestrained mounds were contained in a lovely bell shape, which increased their charm by a level or two. The cleavage was much more pronounced, so anyone – boy or girl – who peeked at that chest would be unable to look away.

As a former boy, the pressure on the chest felt strange, but he appreciated the reduction in the unpleasant weight on his shoulders and bouncing of the breasts every time he moved.

Before putting it on, he had thought boy's underwear would be fine, but he was forced to admit that girl's underwear was quite comfortable as it eliminated the pain of the nipples rubbing against the shirt and the stiffer fabric of the boxers rubbing against the sensitive parts of the crotch.

"I can't just stick with the boy's uniform either…"

As he started realizing just how different his body had become, he put on the new uniform. The blouse and blazer were not all that different, but the frills on the sleeves were quite girly. He tied a red ribbon around the neck instead of a tie. It emphasized the size of the chest, so it was a little embarrassing. He then put a strawberry-colored checked skirt on when he normally would have worn gray slacks.

“I-isn’t this…a little too short?”

He was pretty sure people would be able to see the panties below if he bent over or lifted a leg a little.

He checked in the mirror and was dumbfounded at what he found.

“————!! Th-that’s…me?”

He saw a cool-looking beautiful girl with angled eyes who was wrinkling her brow in embarrassed confusion. The tall frame had large breasts and a large butt, but the waist was slender. He could only stare in awe, even though this was him. The smooth white thighs showed up well between the black over-knee socks and skirt.

“Z-Zettai Ryouiki… This is pretty sexy, even though it’s just the normal girl’s uniform. And the skirt really is short!!”

His long legs made the normal-length skirt look all the shorter. He had looked pretty boring as a boy, so he was confused to find how eye-catchingly beautiful he was after genderbending.

Modoribashi Academy was run by the main Ichijou family and both the board chairman and principal were part of the family. It had been simple to get genderbent Ryou admitted into the girl’s class as a different person so he could most easily protect Oninagusamu-hime in his role as Onikiri-hime.

He had hoped to remain fairly inconspicuous and secretly live his

school life as a girl until he had his boy's body back, but he was certain he would stand out like this.

A premonition of troubles to come filled Ryou's chest with worries.

.....

"Before beginning homeroom, I would like to introduce a newcomer to Class 1-Cherry Blossom."

The glasses girl teacher who stepped into the girls class was supposedly in her thirties, yet she looked no older than middle school and the students spread rumors that she never aged. Her name was Tamai Nanako and she was commonly known as Tama-chan-sensei.

Immediately, ear-splitting cries of joy erupted and overpowered their target.

"Wow~ She's so cool and beautiful."

"She's tall and her arms and legs are so long. She's like a model. I wonder if she's good at sports. What club is she gonna join?"

"She looks like the cool taciturn type. I wonder if she'll let me call her Onee-sama!!"

The cries of praise only made Ryou feel uncomfortable. He furrowed his brow as the girls' eyes swept across his entire body, but that only made

those with an odd fetish shout “Ahh, I want her to insult me while looking at me like that!”

When he took a furtive glance toward the window, Yume raised her head, looking a little upset, and stared in surprise when she saw him. He quickly looked away.

She was probably feeling down after not being able to walk to school with him like normal. She had only been told Ryou had suddenly come down with something and had to spend some time recovering.

(I’d be too embarrassed if she found out I’m a girl now and she’d definitely feel bad if she found out it was to protect her from the Oni. This was the only way.)

After pulling himself together, he waited for the students to quiet down and he opened his mouth.

“I transferred into this school starting today. My name is Ichijou Ryo-…”

He very nearly gave his real name, so he quickly cleared his throat to hide it. That only gathered further attention, so he gave the girl’s name he and his parents had come up with the day before. It was only an alternate reading of his real name, but it completely changed the impression of the name.

“My name is Ichijou Haruka. Nice to meet all of you.”

Once he bowed, the students began speaking amongst themselves.

“Ichijou? Is she Yume-chi’s relative?”

“She does look like her. But maybe not that much?”

Focus shifted to his cousin and Yume looked confused herself.

“Ichijou Haruka-san is apparently the twin sister of Ichijou Ryou-kun from the boys Bear class.”

Tama-chan-sensei answered the students’ questions using the information the principal had given her. While the girls classes were named after flowers, giving them an elegant feel, the boys classes were named after tough animals like bears or bulls, which seemed kind of awful.

“The twins were raised separately due to certain circumstances, but since the brother is recovering from a sudden illness at a relative’s house, the sister returned to her parents in his place. She will also be attending school here. Oh, and that would make her Ichijou Yume-san’s cousin.”

Applause of comprehension and rejoicing erupted from the students.

The entire class (including the teacher) seemed to have bought the explanation they had made up in a single night, so Ryou…no, the “girl” named Ichijou Haruka breathed a sigh of relief with a dignified look on her face.

“As for your seat, um, you’d probably feel more comfortable next to your cousin. And it looks like Ichijou-san wants to help you out.”

The young-looking glasses girl teacher smiled bitterly toward Yume who was leaning forward with her eyes wide.

The next row over shifted back one seat to open up the seat to Yume’s right.

“Um… You’re Ryou-chan’s sister?”

“Y-yes. Nice to meet you, Yume.”

Haruka smiled while worried that Yume would realize who she really was, but her cousin’s innocent features only grew red.

(I-is she blushing? Yume’s so damn cute.)

The way Yume lowered her head and gave Haruka an upturned look made her want to hug the girl. Haruka’s female form gave her harsher features and her expression did not change as much as before. She was worried Yume would be afraid, but it seemed she had managed to smile.

“I never knew Ryou-chan had a twin sister.”

“Yes, well, I was left with the main family shortly after birth and was raised there. It was something of a secret…”

Even if they were relatives, the main Ichijou family dealt in the paranormal and did not let the branch family line know about their internal affairs. And the branch family lived in normal society, so they did not try to set foot in the realm of the paranormal outside of unforeseen situations like this. This excuse would normally never work, but their relationship with the head family allowed it to work here.

And besides that, Yume never doubted anyone. Haruka had supposedly been raised in secret away from her parents, so Yume gave her a sympathetic look.

"You almost never get to see your twin brother, so you must be worried that he's sick. Oh, I know! How about we go visit him after school today!? He's in the hospital, right? I wonder which one."

"Um, uh… Ryou is being treated at the main family… His life is not in danger, but he said not to visit him to make sure you didn't catch what he has…"

"Eh…? I-I see. Then I guess we can't do that. At least I know he'll be fine with the main family. But I wonder if he's feeling lonely. He almost never went there."

Haruka should have known Yume would ask about this, but she had not thought about it at all. Fortunately, she managed to come up with an excuse on the fly.

(If this keeps up, I won't be able to deceive her forever…)

It pained her to know Yume was worried. She knew more than ever that she had to return to her male form as soon as possible and she also had trouble relaxing with all the curious looks pouring down on her within the classroom of nothing but girls.

Before too long, class came to an end and a short break period began. All of the girls in the class rushed toward Haruka. Plus, they were all changing for gym class, so they had all stripped down to their underwear.

(Wow, that girl has huge tits! Oh, crap. If I stare like this, she'll get mad… No, wait. I'm a girl now.)

Haruka had seen these girls every day and this was a chance to see the bodies hidden below their uniforms. She was curious yet unsure where to look, so she lowered her blushing head.

Even so, the girls remained in their immodest state of undress, defenselessly pressed their soft bodies toward the new girl who was actually a boy, and happily teased each other.

The girls of this school had always been relatively energetic, but this told Haruka that they still made sure to act somewhat ladylike in front of the boys.

Surrounded by a sweet aroma and with stripping girls no matter where she looked, Haruka thought she was going to get a nosebleed.

(I-I never knew there were so many different kinds of underwear… And they all have different body types… I can't believe I can be here without

them getting mad… Yet I'm really a boy…)

This situation would have been unthinkable back when she was a boring boy. If she bragged about it to the boys after returning to her original class, they would likely shed tears of blood.

But as Haruka entered a dreamlike state, the girls surrounding her only grew more energetic.

"Hey, hey. Where did you live before?" "You're even more beautiful up close! Your skin's so white~ How do you take care of it?" "Eh? You're cousins, but this is the first time you've met!?" "So Ichijou-kun from the boys class is your twin? You don't look anything alike~" "Actually, what did he look like? He didn't leave much of an impression on me."

Their energetic high-pitched voices hurt her ears as they all asked questions at once. They refused to wait their turn, so she could not pick out any single question. Even so, the comments insulting her male self rang clear in her ears, causing her heart to wither.

"Hey, if you don't get changed soon, the break will end. Here, I'll help you out♪"

As Haruka sat in an overwhelmed stupor, still in her uniform, a girl with a mischievous smile caught her with a surprise attack. Her buttons were swiftly undone and her uniform's coat skillfully stripped away.

"Wah!! Wh-what are you doing!?"

Her cry of surprise was drowned out by shrill shrieks.

“Kyah! She’s even better with her clothes off!! She’s got giant boobs! They’re just huge!”

“Her figure is too good. …I’m jealous!!”

“She’s tall and her breasts are big. I’ve got to see how those things feel. Ey!!”

“Hey, no fair! Me too!! I’ll just hug her!”

“Ahh!! Stop that! Don’t touch me there…hwah!!”

Haruka had become a toy. Her blouse and skirt were also stripped off with incredible skill, leaving her body exposed to the girls’ eyes in nothing but a white bra, white panties, and over-knee socks.

Seeing those girls in their underwear had been embarrassing enough,

but having them see her as a girl in nothing but her underwear was about as embarrassing as it could get.

Also, her visibly reddening body was touched all over, providing a ticklish and pleasant sensation.

(Ah, wh-why is this girl groping my tits!? Hyah! Don't stick your finger there! Ahh, no! My body's so sensitive, so if you touch me like that…!!)

Heat filled her lower stomach and a restless throbbing spread from there.

This was no laughing matter. The girls likely intended it as some slight teasing, but if she started moaning, they would immediately treat her like a pervert.

(Wh-what do I do? I can't just drive them away. Th-this is bad. Nn, this girl's elbow…is hitting my nipple. Fwah, why is that one pushing her knee against my crotch and pressing in right where it feels s-so good!?)

Her breathing grew heavy and her eyes grew unfocused and damp. It was only a matter of time before a sweet voice escaped her lips. And since she was in her underwear, how could she hide the stain that was bound to form from the damp feeling growing inside her panties?

When she lowered her blushing face, it only led her classmates to call her cute all the more. But just as she was thinking of growing more forceful by breaking free and running off…

“C’mon, give it a rest already! She clearly doesn’t know what to do!!”

A loud cry rose above the other voices and instantly silenced the other girls.

A strong tug on the hand pulled Haruka from the swarm of girls and she found a girl with boyish determination on her face.

(Kimino…)

It was the childhood friend that she had been possessed by an Oni just the day before. Haruka was glad to see her safe and doing well.

Yume’s eyes were widened in worry next to her.

The two had already finished changing into their gym outfits and Haruka was disappointed she had missed the chance to see them changing.

“A beautiful transfer student isn’t worth getting that excited about. And she can’t exactly change when you’re doing that. If you don’t hurry up, we’ll all be late.”

Their classmates came back to their senses once Kimino scolded them, so they awkwardly apologized and sadly resumed changing.

Haruka breathed a sigh of relief and quickly put on her gym outfit in order to hide her underwear.

She had an oddly hard time relaxing with the skin-tight fabric revealing the shape of her breasts so clearly.

She had never worn bloomers before, so she was surprised by how tightly they wrapped around her crotch and squeezed at the base of her legs. It bothered her how oddly comfortable it was.

She felt her butt being squeezed out, so she pulled up the fabric with a fingertip to force her flesh back inside.

As she fidgeted restlessly, her childhood friend spoke to her while giving those wonderful proportions a look of envy.

“Sorry about that~ No one was trying to be mean.”

“Um, right. I…uh, well, I-I was just a little surprised. Thanks for saving me, Kimino.”

Speaking like she did as a boy would probably be fine, but she was afraid that someone would notice if she sounded too much like Ryou. That was why her mother had taught her to speak more like a girl. It felt weird to her, but no one else seemed to notice.

The fact that everyone saw her as a girl made her feel a little pathetic.

“You’re welcome. …Huh? Did I tell you my name?”

Whoops. Haruka had been so focused on the way she was speaking that she had accidentally used her childhood friend's name like she was still Ryou.

"Oh, um, you seemed so much like the person I heard about from Ryou. You're Sakatani Kimino, right?"

"F-from Ryou!? Ryou was talking about me…? Wh-what did he say!?"

At times like this, Haruka was glad her confusion did not show on her expressionless face. As soon as she thought she had smoothed things over, Kimino suddenly grew flustered.

"Kimono-chan?"

Haruka wasn't sure what to do with Kimino moving in so close, but that childhood friend came back to her senses when Yume called out to her.

"Oh, s-sorry. Um…I was just wondering if Ryou was saying bad things about me. Ah ha ha. …Now, let's get to the schoolyard."

After a confused excuse, Kimino left the classroom with her face beet red.

.....

They still had a little time until class, so Haruka and the others stopped by the bathroom. She did not need to pee all that much, but after the

disaster at home the day before, she wanted to deal with it before that happened again.

(But…I really feel like I'm doing something wrong here…)

Inside a stall in the girl's bathroom, Haruka's heart pounded from a forbidden sensation of discomfort.

There was of course nothing wrong with this since she had a girl's body at the moment. In fact, using the boy's bathroom would be an even bigger problem. Still, this was an inviolable sanctuary to that "girl" who was really a boy.

To make matters worse, her cousin and childhood friend were relieving themselves in the two neighboring stalls.

(Uuh… Why do I feel so guilty!? Don't picture what's going on beyond those walls!!)

She had to build her resolve and pee here. She lowered her bloomers and panties to her knees and sat on the toilet. According to some embarrassing advice from her mother, she needed to be careful because it might scatter about since she was not used to this.

(O-oh, right. She said to flush the toilet so you can't hear it.)

She had thought that sounded wasteful at first, but now that the time had come, she could understand it all too well. Having anyone else hear her peeing would be too embarrassing.

She flushed the toilet, relaxed her body, and focused on the sphincter.

“Nn…”

The warm spray readily surged from her crotch. Without the sensation of it gradually passing through the penis, it felt oddly like it was directly flowing out from the inside of her body, so it was almost anticlimactic.

“Ahhh~~”

Still, the force of the urine tickled at the folds of her slit and she sighed at the pleasant feeling.

(Peeing as a girl feels kind of good… I could get oddly used to this, but I need to make sure I don’t piss myself again.)

She had not needed to go that badly, so she finished quickly.

(A girl has to wipe, right?)

Two or three shakes was enough for a boy, but without a penis, a girl’s crotch ended up wet with scattered urine.

“Nn…”

She wiped gently with toilet paper and the rough stimulus on her

flower petals brought a tremor to her tailbone. If she had not been in the school bathroom, the pleasure would have led her to masturbate right then and there. She casually looked down at the toilet paper and saw a sticky string of a clear liquid that obviously was not urine.

(Sigh… This body is just too sensitive…)

The thought of Yume and Kimino finding out only brought out more sticky heat deep inside her crotch.

Confused by the uncontrollable sexuality of her female body, she left the girl's bathroom and found the other two waiting for her. She blushed at the embarrassment of using the bathroom together as girls were wont to do. As the three of them walked to the schoolyard, they heard the voices of the boys from behind them.

"Wow! She really is beautiful!!"

"Is she really Ichijou's twin? She looks nothing like him!! That SOB's been hiding this pretty sister, hasn't he!?"

Their stupid faces gave Haruka a headache. They were the ones she had always hung out with as Ryou. And yet…

(Did they always look that stupid? They look pathetic. And…what's with that sticky look in their eyes? Why are they staring at me like that!?)

She was confused by her friends' odd behavior. They seemed like different people altogether. They were like starving beasts and she did

not dare let her guard down. Caution naturally built up inside her.

She wrinkled her brow in a look of astonishment, but they did not hesitate to blatantly leer at her chest, thighs, and crotch.

(————!! Wait! Don't tell me…they're looking at me as a g-girl! They're looking at my body…with dirty looks in their eyes…!)

She was shocked when she realized what their gazes meant.

Her former friends were viewing her as a woman…as a target of desire.

And only after becoming a girl could she tell just how blatantly lustful and unpleasant their eyes were.

(I-is this how guys…look at girls?)

Had she looked at Yume and Kimino like this? That thought brought on intense self-loathing.

"What's with all of you?" asked Kimono. "Ohhhh, I get it. You heard the rumors about Ryou's twin sister, so you came to check her out."

"Ha ha. Well, Haruka-chan is beautiful," added Yume. "And she looks a lot like Ryou-chan."

"No, they don't look anything alike. Ryou was a rusted blunt weapon

while she's a finely-honed katana."

"Oh, so her name's Haruka? Hey, Haruka-san, how about you come join us for karaoke afterschool today?"

Haruka backed away with goose bumps covering her skin, but Kimino and Yume seemed completely fine.

Yet even as they spoke with the boys, those lustful eyes were stealing glances at their chests and bloomers.

Plus, it seemed the two girls were aware of it.

After cowering back like a cautious animal, Haruka glared sharply at the boys while hiding behind Kimino and Yume.

However, they paid no heed to the look of rejection and Watanabe, her best friend back in the boys class, gave an intense look in return.

(Wh-what's with Watanabe?)

The veins bulged out on his temples and his face grew so red it looked like it would erupt. Afraid he was angry about something, Haruka grew even more cautious, but the red of his face only grew as he quickly stole a glance at her chest from close range. Then he looked straight into her eyes with such ferocity that everyone fell silent.

"Haruka-san! I am Watanabe Tsunayoshi!! This is what they call love at

first sight! To the point that I want you as my wife! I will make you a happy woman!! So please go out with me!”

He grabbed her hands and held them tight in his sweaty palms.

With displeasure rising inside her, she could only describe him with the clichéd term “creepy”.

Goose bumps completely covered her body now.

(I just…had a boy…confess to me… A boy… But I’m a boy… Watanabe…a boy…just said he wants me…as his wife…?)

Everyone else was going nuts, but she could not hear any of it with the blood rushing to her head.

Since she froze up and did not respond, Watanabe moved his face in close.

That face was flushed and sweaty and he was breathing heavily through his nose.

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaasssssssssssss!!”

After a bizarre cry, Haruka broke free of his hands.

She gathered all her strength into a right hook that mercilessly struck

Watanabe in the face.

Then she ran away with just as much force.

“Kh… An excellent punch. I’ve fallen for you…even more…”

After bouncing down the hallway and rolling thrice due to the intensity of the punch, the back of his head slammed into the floor.

After asking a girl to date him without realizing that she was actually a boy (and his best friend at that), the boy coughed up some blood, muttered a few satisfied words, and passed out on the spot.

I Awoke: Chapter the Fourth - Sexual Oni in the Water's Depths

"Good morning. Rise and shine. Breakfast is ready."

"Nn, Yume...? Just give me five more minutes..."

When the girl entered the room without knocking and called out gently, the bed's occupant replied with a yawn.

"Ha ha. Haruka-chan, you're acting just like Ryou-chan again."

Those words woke Haruka up in a flash.

After becoming a girl, she was supposed to be a different person, but she had sleepily reacted like she had as a boy.

She frantically got up.

"You really are twins. Since you're using his room, it barely feels like Ryou-chan is gone at all. You look a lot like him, so it's kind of like he turned into a girl."

"I-is it?"

Four days had passed since she became a girl, but it was still a confusing ordeal. Saying anything unnecessary could end up digging her own grave, so she said as little as possible here.

“But you seem more like an older sister. You’re so calm. Ryou-chan would always panic and hide under the covers when I came to wake him.”

That was because he could not let the girl he liked see his morning wood.

However, Haruka remained silent because she could not exactly explain that in her girl form.

What Ryou had been thinking had always shown on his face, but Haruka’s expressions did not change very much.

Her personality had become a little stronger and more aggressive to help fight the Oni and her face had grown more beautiful and dignified. No one would think she was the same person as that gentle-faced boy. However, Yume seemed to see the points in common since they had been together since they were little.

“Anyway, Haruka-chan, you really have a nice body. You’re so tall and cool. And your boobs are just the perfect shape~”

Her cousin sat down on the side of the bed and peered down at her chest.

“Fweh!?”

As a boy, she had worn a T-shirt and a track suit bottom for pajamas,

but that had been too tight thanks to her large genderbent chest and her mother had chosen some looser pajamas for her. The buttons had apparently come undone in her sleep, so her braless breasts spilled out into view.

She had also apparently removed her pajama bottoms in her sleep, so she only wore panties on her lower body. Her supple bare legs were sprawled out and her crotch was spread wide due to her remaining male instincts.

She felt just as awkward as when her morning wood was almost found as a boy, so she quickly gathered her legs on top of the blanket.

“Y-you’re, um, boobs are pretty b-big too, Yume!”

She frantically pulled her top closed and shouted back as the girl she liked stared at her youthful and perky bare breasts.

Just like as a boy, she grew flustered in front of her.

“Hmm. But mine aren’t shaped as nice as yours. And I wish I was as tall as you.”

Yume sighed as she unbuttoned her top and began jiggling her breasts in her hands.

(Wh-what are you doing!? Don’t show your tits to me! I’m a…guy…)

She had never behaved like this in front of Ryou, but she was much more defenseless in front of another girl. Haruka was shocked by this unknown side of her cousin.

(B-but yours look a lot softer…and they're bigger. And you're so soft, fluffy, and cute. Your height is perfect the way it is!!)

Yume would have loved to hear her say that out loud, but that girl with a boy's mind was too embarrassed to do so.

Haruka blushed and her heart raced as her eyes were hopelessly glued to those soft mounds bouncing from the movements of her cousin's fingers. In her boy's body, the penis would have long since been erect, but she felt a warm nectar seeping out of her crotch instead.

It felt strange to have her heart race and her pussy grow wet for another girl.

(But at least you can't tell from outside like you can with a guy. Oh, but I'm only wearing panties down there right now… What if it makes a stain? And what if Yume sees the stain?)

After masturbating, she had realized that her girl's body produced quite a lot of vaginal fluids.

When she grew even slightly horny, the crotch of her panties would be soaking wet in no time and the stain would show through on the outside.

Focusing on it only hastened the release of love juices. As she restlessly

lifted her fidgeting butt from the bed, Yume let go of her breasts and buttoned up her uniform as if nothing had happened.

"You know what? I had a kind of scary dream a few days back. I don't really remember what it was about though."

Yume started speaking out of the blue as if she had suddenly thought of it. Kimino would do the same thing, so it seemed girls in general would say things without warning like this. It was a difficult thing for a boy to understand.

As Haruka listened, she checked to see if her panties were noticeably wet.

"I was attacked by something scary and was in danger, but a strong girl saved me. And she looked just like you, Haruka-chan. She was so pretty and cool."

"I-is that so?"

That was when she had first become Onikiri-hime and saved Yume as Oninagusamu-hime. She had told Haruka about this when she was still Ryou the next day. She had only asked a quick question about it then, but Haruka sensed some kind of special feelings in her cousin's voice now.

"So I was really shocked when you transferred into our class. And then it turned out you're Ryou-chan's sister. I hope you stay with us forever even after Ryou-chan gets better and comes back."

Yume had been told Ryou and Haruka were twins who had been raised separately from birth due to issues related to the main Ichijou family. The plan was for Haruka to “return to the main family” once she turned back into a boy.

However, this truly kind girl was delighted that she had returned to live with her family here and wanted her to stay afterwards.

The girl who was actually Ryou felt a painful twinge of guilt in her heart as she deceived Yume’s love-filled smile.

Should she reveal it or should she keep it hidden? Revealing the truth would get rid of this gloomy feeling, but having the girl she liked know she had become a girl was simply too embarrassing. Plus, revealing the reason why would mean telling Yume the destiny she bore.

She knew she could not keep this hidden forever.

The Oni were sure to attack again. If she was put in danger over and over, Yume would realize all too well that she was the target off those hideous things.

Haruka wanted to find a less shocking way to tell her that she was Oninagusamu-hime before that happened.

She walked to school alongside Yume with that conflict in her heart.

(But once Yume knows, I'm guessing she'll find out too. And once she does, I'm pretty sure everyone in school will know I'm a girl now.)

The energetic Sakatani Kimino met up with them on their way to school.

She had always teased Ryou and done quite a bit of damage, but she apparently had enough sense not to be so mischievous when it came to a girl who had only just transferred in.

Still, she seemed curious since Haruka was supposed to be Ryou's twin sister.

"Hey, hey, Haruka. Oh, can I call you just Haruka? I called Ryou just Ryou."

"Oh, yes. I-I'll just call you Kimino."

Haruka had trouble using girly language, so she mostly gave up trying. Speaking the same as always only seemed to increase her dignified aura, so it fit right in. Her childhood friend seemed to like it because she moved closer with a friendly smile.

"Haruka, you've got a great body and you're pretty muscular too. Do you play any sports?"

"No, not really."

She was not exactly proud of it, but she had not played any kind of sports as a boy. Her body as Onikiri-hime contained the power needed to overwhelm even an Oni, but she could not exactly tell Kimino that.

She and her parents had come up with a general profile for “Ichijou Haruka”, but they had not thought about details like that.

“Really? Then how about you try swimming? I bet you could get a great time.”

Haruka had expected this. Unlike Yume and Ryou, Haruka looked quite athletic, so Kimino was trying to get her to join the swim team she belonged to.

Haruka was unaware, but talk of the beautiful transfer student with a great body had spread through the entire school.

With her angled eyes and sometimes even boyishly cool looks, she was gaining quite a few fans among the girls as well as the boys, so any team that got her to join would gather a lot of attention.

Haruka was unsure what to do about this childhood friend’s invitation. If she joined the swim team, she could not protect Yume during that time. Getting Yume to join too was an option, but that cousin was so hopelessly unathletic that she would probably drown in the shower before even getting to the pool.

As Ryou, Haruka had never beaten Kimino in an argument or in physical strength, so she had always ended up doing what that childhood friend

said.

"Come to think of it, Kimino-chan, you're a part of that pool opening event they're having today, aren't you? I'll be rooting for you."

Just as she was trying to figure out how to refuse her pushy childhood friend's request, a cheerful voice provided some help.

"Ha ha. Thanks, Yume♪ Our student council president sure loves planning these weird events, doesn't she? Well, at least it keeps things interesting. Okay, I've gotta win this thing for you, Yume!"

Kimino's interest immediately shifted to that gentle and soothing girl.

Haruka gave Yume a look of thanks and received the most wonderful smile in reply. It made her heart race.

"Haruka-chan, you look good at sports, so how about you join in? You only just transferred in, so I bet you could make a ton of friends like this~"

"Eh?"

Her relaxed expression instantly tensed up. She realized that bright-faced and gentle girl would never be sensible enough to nonchalantly help out her cousin who was troubled by her childhood friend's forceful invitation.

The conversation had simply reminded her of the event.

Ryou had never once won when Kimino insisted he do something.

So now, as Haruka, “she” could only nod and smile back at Yume’s innocent smile of anticipation.

Barely anyone left afterschool. Instead the entire student body changed into swimsuits and gathered by the pool. The frivolous managers – that is, the main Ichijou family – had pumped a massive amount of their personal money into building the giant pool covered by a dome that could be opened when the weather was nice.

The construction had begun while Ryou and the others were in middle school and it had only finished just the other day, so that pool (far too luxurious for a school) was opening for the first time today.

“Wow~ There are a ton of different pools inside the building. It’s like an amusement park!”

“That’s thanks to you, Yume~ We only got this great pool because you asked your grandmother for us. I’ll make sure to practice a whole bunch and get a great time at the next tournament!!”

Unlike Ryou, Yume had visited the main Ichijou family rather frequently. Their grandmother was the head of the family and she seemed to like Yume because she had built this ridiculously huge facility when Yume had said her friend on the swim team was having trouble due to the

small pool.

Before, they had had a single twenty-five meter water lane that was shared by the middle and high school. That was enough for classes, but it was inconvenient for the swim team.

Kimino had wanted to make the swim team more active as a way of saying thanks, so she had tried to get the seemingly athletic and attention-gathering Haruka to join.

“If you wanna know! Who’s the strongest in the water! Then quit yer yappin’ and let’s do this!”

Student Council President Kitaminami Hideko’s powerful voice reverberated below the domed ceiling that trapped a lot of heat and a thundering cheer answered her.

“Breakin’ the what!?”

“The laaaaaaaaaawwwwwwwwwwwww!!”

The students immediately answered her metal god questions.

Each time, a power chord interlude played at deafening volume.

It was a star-killing pool festival. Just like in a nostalgic TV show, a stage had been built by the pool, but instead of an idol, the light music club’s band stood there.

And while they did have bands that played pop and anime music, three layers of high-power stacked amps were lined up like a wall for the melodic death metal band Diva Satanica that produced an air of intimidation with their two bass drums and countless tom-toms. They were all dressed in hardcore black outfits and they gave bestial roars as they began to play.

On that same stage, the student council president had just as much energy as the band as she continued hyping up the students.

Her striking body had a nice contrast between the slender waist and the weighty breasts and butt and it was forced into a school swimsuit a size too small to intentionally let her mature flesh bulge obscenely out.

The beads of her nipples were visible through the navy blue fabric and the tight fit caused the high-leg crotch to dig in enough to clearly see the vertical line of her slit. The boys in swimsuits were rushing at her while looking on the verge of an explosive nosebleed. She kept them back with the whip she held and pushed up her military hat bearing a Hakenkreuz.

A daring smile appeared on her forceful-looking face and the boys bowed down before her. Those actually hit by the whip passed out from intense joy, so the EMTs had to carry them out.

“Students!! To celebrate the completion of the Grand Pool, Modoribashi Academy’s High School Student Council brings you the First Mixed-Sex Pool Cavalry Tournament!! (Be on the lookout for some wardrobe malfunctions♪)”

Just for show, she raised her pinky while holding the microphone.

She lifted the whip high in her other hand and a great cheer broke out.

(That student council president is as crazy as ever…)

They had heard all about her activities even when they were in middle school. During their high school entrance ceremony, she had shown up to celebrate and taken complete command of the scene. Haruka looked up at that third year in a daze and both Yume and Kimino were raising their fists and celebrating with the president.

“Now for the rules! If you fall off the horse or have your headband taken, you lose. Injuring your opponent or doing anything dangerous like aiming for a weak point will be judged a foul. The last team remaining will win our prize of a ten thousand yen gift card for the cafeteria and a free two-day, one-night stay at an inn with a mixed-sex open-air hot spring!! Let’s all play this fair and square! That’s all!”

The students had thought this was just a form of recreation, so their excitement peaked when they heard about this unexpectedly luxurious prize. Some who had previously decided only to watch quickly formed teams and entered themselves.

“Y-you can’t do that~ This is an official school event, so you can’t give out such an expensive prize!!”

Amid the commotion, Tamai Nanako-sensei (the school-side supervisor) frantically ran over to the student council president.

Since this was the pool, she too was wearing a swimsuit, but the ultramarine color and modest design made it not much different from a school swimsuit. And with her childlike body-type and face, she looked like a middle school girl younger than the students.

"Kitaminami-san, that isn't what you promised! Don't you remember all the trouble after you added prizes to all the events at last year's athletics festival!? I only gave you permission for this because you promised you wouldn't do that again!"

"Ha ha ha. But didn't that make that athletics festival way more exciting than any in recent memory, Tama-chan-sensei? With this new pool opening, it's the student council's duty to make it into a grand event!!"

"Th-that isn't the issue!! And how many times do I have to tell you not to call me Tama-chan?"

"How'd your date with Shuu-nii go?"

"————!! Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what are you talking about!? A date!? W-we only went to see a movie together!! But Kitaminami-kun tried to go into that weird…indecent movie theater!"

"But I heard you two ate a meal together afterwards~ In another few months, I might just be calling you my sister-in-law~"

"Eek~"

The entire conversation was picked up by the microphone and played for the entire student body gathered at the pool. There had been rumors that Tama-chan-sensei was dating President Kitaminami's much older brother.

After being teased to the point of tears, the childlike glasses-wearing teacher fled the pool. All of the students watched her with a warm smile while figuring she would be her sister-in-law's toy even after wedding her boyfriend.

Meanwhile, Haruka was glaring at some boys lined up in front of her.

The pool cavalry battle generally took the form of a girl riding on top of the "horse" formed by boys. Those boys had joined at the last minute to be Haruka's horse. They were Watanabe Tsunayoshi, the one who had so passionately confessed his love for her before, Usui, and Urabe. In other words, they were her classmates from back when she was Ryou.

"We're willing to fight to the death for you, Haruka-chan!"

"Then commit kagebara before we begin! If you take a trip to heaven when the match ends, this will be all the more moving!!"

It had not been long since she became a girl, but it felt like forever since she had spent time with them and she responded as she would have as a boy.

"Nwohh! Let's win this and visit that hot spring with Haruka-chan!!"

“You can take a bath in a puddle instead!! And then go turn yourself into the police. They’ll have a special suite all ready for you!”

She enjoyed this sense that nothing had changed.

“Deh heh heh. I can feel it! I feel such joy as I’m whipped by a beautiful girl as her useless horse!”

“…”

She had nothing to say to Watanabe, so she just smacked him on the head.

“Oh! That’s Ryou’s twin sister for you!”

“She’s reacting just like he did! That’s some nice DNA!!”

“And she’s got these nice tits he never did! …Eh heh. Talk about easy on the eyes.”

Haruka’s unexpected reactions had elicited the same friendly behavior they had shown Ryou, but even so, their treatment of her was fundamentally different from that of their male classmate.

(They’re looking at…my swimsuit! They’re looking at my t-tits… Sexually!!)

It was still a shock to find them viewing her as a target of lust.

Just as she had done to Yume and Kimino when she was a boy, their bloodshot eyes were surreptitiously staring at the chest and crotch of her swimsuit. Watanabe was blatantly letting his gaze crawl all along her body, which just made her uncomfortable.

As a boy, wearing a swimsuit had been a simple thing, but the girl's swimsuit clung skintight to her upper body and lower body. She was not used to how tight it felt.

To make matters worse, her body was more developed than the other girls, so the swimsuit applied pressure to the large mounds of her breasts and it felt almost oppressive. It may have been due to the fact that she had yet to break in this brand-new swimsuit, but her well-developed flesh would not be contained by the tight fabric and boldly bulged out at the sides and chest.

When she looked down, she noticed her cleavage was extremely pronounced, so she was afraid the boys her own height would be looking at it.

(I love big tits, but I never thought they would feel like such a hindrance on my own chest. …I wonder if Yume trips so much because of hers. And her tits really do stand out in a swimsuit.)

When she stole a peak of the jiggling breasts of her cousin who was chatting with Kimino nearby, the blood rushed to her head.

It was only natural since she was a girl now, but she had changed in the same locker room as Yume. Feeling guilty, she had tried her best not to look, but after stripping defenselessly nude, the girl had walked up to her with her bare breasts jiggling like extra-large servings of pudding and she had pressed those ample mounds against Haruka's swimsuit.

"Fweh~ Your boobs are so perfectly shaped, Haruka-chan. They're so cool."

She had stared at the bulges of Haruka's chest without knowing this was actually genderbent Ryou. Kimino had yelled "Quit acting so spoiled, you busty girl! Share some of that size with me!" while holding Yume back, but that had only caused those weighty mounds to bounce all the more violently in front of Haruka's face and she had nearly gotten a nosebleed. Her face flushed again now that she recalled that scene in the locker room.

Her healthily plump butt also bulged out from the edge of the swimsuit if she so much as walked, so it was pretty uncomfortable. Plus, the size of her butt pulled on the fabric enough that it dug into her crotch a fair bit.

(This isn't good… When it's digging into my slit, I can't fix it in front of people… And it's going to turn me on if it keeps rubbing there like this… What do the other girls do?)

Wearing a school swimsuit for the first time, Haruka fidgeted with a mixture of confusion and embarrassment on her face. The boys immediately picked up on that obscene atmosphere and further heat filled the eyes leering at her.

“Wh-why are you giving me those dirty looks! Look the other way, idiots!!”

Unaware that her words were only stimulating the boys’ lust, she glared sourly at them and scolded them a little weakly.

“Kh… Now I want you as my wife even more! No, I must have you as my wife! Ichijou Haruka-san! I won’t ask that you let me impregnate you just yet! We can start off just fucking!! Please have sex with me!”

“Calm down, Watanabe! Don’t you mean ‘I won’t ask that we be lovers. We can start off just as friends’!?”

“And quit trying to get in ahead of us! I too wish to be kept as Haruka-sama’s servant as she insults me with that cold look in her eyes!!”

Two boys held back and tried to calm down Watanabe who was so horny he just about jumped at her.

They were fun to hang out with when it was between guys, but they were just annoying now that she was a girl. She had somehow ended up on a team with them, but she considered backing out of the game now. She started wearily moving away from them, but…

“Ha~ru~ka♪”

A cheerful girl stood in her way.

Her breasts were not as weighty as Yume's or Haruka's, but there was a healthy charm to the modest bulges of that body that had been trained in the swimming club.

Unlike the other students, she wore a racing swimsuit that showed off her bodylines even more distinctly. Haruka gulped and could not help but stare at Kimino's alluring crotch which was barely covered the indecently high leg of her swimsuit. She gave the smile she always gave when plotting something against Ryou.

Haruka put her guard up when she remembered how often she had fallen victim to that as a boy.

"It's just about time~ How about we make this a competition between the two of us?"

"A competition? I-I..."

She tried to say she was not about to go along with that kind of farce, but Kimino spoke up before she could.

"You want to win, don't you? I mean, it is a two-day, one-night hot spring trip. I think I'll invite Yume~"

Haruka had meant to refuse no matter what her childhood friend said.

"A hot spring...with Yume!?"

But her heart was shaken by the idea of an overnight trip with her lovely cousin.

She could never have hoped for that as a boy, but that problem vanished now that they were both girls. And if they visited the bath together and stayed in the same room, she knew it would be fun through and through.

“Good luck, you two~ Both of you are so cool~ Sigh~ It hasn’t even started and I’m already excited.”

They received expectant looks from the gentle girl who always took the spectator role since she was devastatingly bad at anything related to moving around. As Ryou, Haruka had been bad at sports, had always failed to live up to Yume’s expectations, and had been jealous of Kimino, but things might be different now that she had a body meant to slay Oni.

She had intended to change out of this tight and oddly embarrassing swimsuit and then head home, but motivation suddenly welled up inside her. She turned back toward Watanabe and the other boys. The boys of the swim team who would be Kimino’s horse were showing off their muscular bodies and looking down on those other boys.

“Heh. Look at these puny little boys. Do you really think you can face us looking like that?”

“What a pain. You all aren’t even fit to get in the water!”

“Go home and suck on your mama’s milk, kiddies. Ha ha ha ha ha!!”

They let their white teeth sparkle from their suntanned bodies while threatening Watanabe's group like pro wrestlers. It felt like they were going to stir up a giant typhoon.

That behavior irked Haruka too, so she exchanged a glance with her three boys. The muddy evil had left their eyes and they gave her the looks of fighting men.

"Let's win this."

"Right." "Of course." "I don't see how we can lose, buhi."

They immediately responded to Haruka's encouragement. They were acting as they had back when she was Ryou, so they actually felt reliable as the time to fight approached.

But despite her determination, she felt a bit of regret once she actually mounted her "horse".

Watanabe was in front, Usui on the right, and Urabe on the left. Haruka placed her feet on the stirrups created by their tightly clasped hands and she balanced herself with her hands on her friend's shoulders.

This setup caused other parts of her body to touch them.

Her inner thighs were pressed against their upper arms. If she lost her balance at all, her crotch would touch them, so it was an extremely precarious situation. And if she lowered her body even a little, her butt would reach their shoulders.

She had no choice but to lean forward, but that squished the large artillery shell shape of her beautiful breasts against the back of Watanabe's head. He just about passed out from joy.

(I just can't seem to relax with any kind of physical contact with guys… It's like my skin has gotten oddly sensitive since I turned into a girl. I can really feel them touching me…)

She knew she was focusing on it too much, but the troublesome feeling left her mentally shaken. The boys also noticed the sensation of the beautiful transfer student's fine skin. They whispered quiet comments like "She's so graceful, smooth, and warm~" or "Fwah~ Her butt's touching me. It's so wonderfully plump~". Whether intentionally or subconsciously, they pressed up against her even more.

"Take this seriously! C'mon, it's starting!!"

"Okay~♪"

"Eh heh heh. Haruka-sama's mad at me."

She lightly hit them on the head, but they unfortunately actually sounded happy about it.

(If Yume had been riding me when I was a boy, I might have touched

her like this. But…)

"Okay. It's about time to start! Five, four, three…"

She understood how the boy's felt, but she was left reeling by her girl side. Meanwhile, the student council president's countdown finished and a pistol sound played to begin the pool cavalry battle.

Since quite a few new participants had been drawn by the unexpectedly luxurious prize, the main pool was crowded despite being fifty meters long and wide. And since most of the teams had formed on the spot, they did not work well together and a lot of them self-destructed.

Meanwhile, two teams raced around like lightning, defeating enemy after enemy.

Needless to say, they were the Kimino Team and the Haruka Team.

The boys making Kimino's horse were all from the swim team. Despite the restriction of the water, they moved just as well as on the surface to sidestep charging foes or easily corner fleeing prey.

On top of the horse, Kimino displayed impressive balance as she moved her slender and fit body around to steal enemy headbands without letting that enemy so much as touch her.

“Nee hee hee. No one stands a chance against us in the water. This is going to be a lot easier than I thought.”

She was confident, but she never got careless. She dodged charging enemies, waited until they lost their balance, and shoved them down into the water.

On the opposite end of the large pool, Haruka’s group was pulling off an equally one-sided battle. Their mobility in the water was not as impressive as the swim team’s, but Haruka’s horse was made up of regulars from the basketball team, the karate team, and the anime research club.

They searched out two teams caught in a deadlock and blew them away with a tackle full of sumo spirit. If the horse managed to hold their ground, Watanabe would take advantage of the water holding them in place and finish them off with a judo tripping technique.

And if they doubted that logical and effective method would work on a certain opponent, it was Haruka’s turn.

“Enough of those cheap tricks! We aren’t letting you have that hot spring trip!!”

A second year team with a strong-willed girl in charge challenged them head-on.

The horse was likely entirely made up of sports team members. They

moved quickly in the water and they used their large frames to charge in.

Haruka's horse would easily crumble from a direct hit, but…

"Keep going straight! Goooo!"

Haruka ordered Watanabe to take them in head-on.

"Nwohhhhhhh!!"

When she clung to his back and pressed her large perky breasts against him, that boy who loved her went crazy. His face grew so red she thought blood would erupt from his nose and he charged at the upperclassmen with a frightening look on his face.

"Wh-what!?"

Overwhelmed by his threatening aura, their opponent briefly faltered. Haruka used that opening to extend her slender body. She bent her body as if throwing it out over the water and she shot out like a rocket to grab the headband from outside their opponent's range. Her momentum threatened to take her right off the horse, but she twisted her body to forcefully change direction.

She placed a hand on Watanabe's head and swung her long legs high. Her well-developed and flexible breasts bounced so much they nearly popped right out of her swimsuit as she side-flipped back on top of the three-man horse.

The students watching from the poolside cheered at her superhuman feat.

The upperclassman whose headband had been taken and the surrounding teams were completely taken aback.

“Let’s take them all out! Charge!!”

The three boys shouted their agreement with her valiant command and they rushed to battle even faster than before. It was like Haruka had filled them with new power.

The boys pressed up against the beautiful girl to make sure she did not fall off. A tremor ran through her as their heads touched her pelvis.

Their shoulders dug into her soft butt and their upper arms pressed tightly against her inner thighs.

(Khh…hhh…)

Her heart throbbed as they rubbed against her using the pool water as lubricant.

Ever since turning into a girl, she had felt reluctance to having boys touch her.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Even so, she sternly widened her sharp eyes and gave a war cry.

“Eek! R-retreat!!”

“Sh-she’s gonna kill us!”

With the horse compactly pressed against Haruka, it picked up speed.

Their opponents were already afraid of the dignified girl’s superhuman movements, so they began fleeing in utter panic.

(I’m gonna kill you? What kind of person do they think I am? Still, this is our chance!!)

When looking at herself in the mirror, she did indeed see a somewhat unapproachable atmosphere that had been missing as a boy. She was pretty sure she might have been afraid if a girl looking like that had threatened and chased after her.

With that on her mind, she attacked the fleeing horse-riders and stole their defenseless headbands.

“Kyah~! Haruka-sama!!”

“Amazing~!! Oh, she just took out another one!”

The girls raised shrill cheers as she bravely beat up the boys.

(Th-the girls are cheering for me!? All right!)

She had the body of a girl, but her boy's heart grew elated at this previously unthinkable moment of bliss. As fighting spirit welled up inside her, she stood up on the horse with a forward leaning posture that stuck her butt up behind her.

"Gooooo!!"

She ordered her horse toward another horse with its back defenselessly exposed.

"Ohhhhh!"

Watanabe and the others charged as if her motivation were contagious.

"Haruka-sama's so cool!!"

"Get them!! Gooooo~~~!"

The girls' cheers gave them even more energy.

The target noticed and quickly tried to turn around, but it was too late.

"Got you! Hahhhhhh!!"

Haruka almost leaped forward as she reached a hand toward the girl on the horse.

“————!! Ahn♪ Just take me~”

When she saw the dignified and tensely beautiful face approaching, the enemy girl held her own head forward with an enchanted look in her eyes.

After snatching away the headband, Haruka’s team ran off toward their next opponent.

“Sigh… Haruka-sama…had her way with me…”

The horse had come to a puzzled standstill and the defeated girl blushed happily and watched Haruka’s dignified back with passionate eyes.

(We might actually be able to win this thing! I can go to a hot spring with Yume!!)

Her genderbent body allowed for actions that would have been impossible before and those had made victory truly easy. By stepping onto Watanabe’s shoulders, placing a hand on his head, and stretching her body forward, she stole headband after headband from distances she never could have reached normally.

The enemy sometimes changed course and made a desperate attack, but she keep her headband out of their reach by leaning back as far as possible with her weighty breasts bouncing up in front of her. She would then kick up her slender foot and accurately grab their headband with her toes.

"Heh. Not bad. You're Ichijou Haruka, right? You remind me of me in my heyday!"

Even the student council president praised her. But her heyday doing what?

Despite Haruka's intense actions, she used her incredible balance to ensure her weight did not shift too drastically for the boys supporting her and her own horse did not self-destruct.

The pool had become a battlefield and the light music club band was filling the gaps with surging waves of music on the special stage. The bent guitar and bass playing over the high-gain amp at full boost had become one as they played out a high-speed riff that sounded like flesh and bone being chopped apart by a machete.

The beautiful vocalist Angela Gotou looked far too cute to be producing the bestial death voice that roared over the intensely-fast two-bass blast beat. The lead guitarist Michael Amamoto produced a weeping melody from his Flying V that wrapped around the vocalist's roar.

On the lower left of the film research club's live footage of the cavalry battle, a small box showed Angela raising her middle finger and roaring

out lyrics that were utterly incomprehensible when one was not used to it.

Haruka's team continued defeating their enemies. But eventually, Mikino's team appeared before them while earning victories of their own at lightning speed.

"Hahhhh!!"

"You're mine!"

The groups trapped between those two teams did not even have a chance to fight back as they were quickly exterminated and taken out of the game.

"So you really were the last ones left. I had a feeling you weren't the average opponent from the moment you entered the game. …It's on, Haruka!!"

"I'm not about to lose either!! Let's do this, Kimino!"

The roaring vocals were not the best background music, so President Kitaminami Hideko took over for Angela Gotou.

"The future of the planet~♪ Is floating so nicely~♪"

The breasts barely contained by her swimsuit bounced as she danced with perfect choreography.

It was a song from a magical girl anime, but since the accompaniment was a death metal band, the instruments were tuned four levels too low and the cords were a half-tone too low, creating a doom-filled performance.

The music made it sound like something was going to rise from the water as the two teams clashed head-on.

The two horses collided and Watanabe's group faltered since the swim team had the advantage in the water.

"That's mine!!"

The cheerful girl stretched out her fit body to take advantage of this chance.

"Kh!"

Haruka avoided the approaching arm and leaned her body as far back as she could to help the horse regain its balance. Kimino's fingers missed the headband, so they ended up grabbing the ponytail girl's massive mounds that were bouncing up from the intense action.

"Hyawah!!"

The unexpected stimulus sent a jolt of electricity racing from Haruka's chest to her brain.

Fingers desperate for victory dug into the beautiful spheres, mercilessly molded their shape, and caused more of the soft flesh to overflow from the cramped confines of the school swimsuit.

Meanwhile, the genderbent girl had thrust a hand out in counterattack even as she leaned back. It veered off course, slipped in through the side of the racing swimsuit, and directly grabbed Kimino's breast.

"Ah!"

"Ahhh!!"

The childhood friend's back gave a jump and a lovely blush came over her grimacing face.

(W-wow! Th-this is Kimino's breast!! I'm touching it…directly! It's small… but…so soft…)

The mound was modest in size, but it still felt like it would collapse if she treated it too roughly.

In fact, its small size gave it more elasticity and she could feel it bulging back around her fingertips.

Both girls blushed with sweet looks on their faces at the mutual groping, but then they came back to their senses and pulled their hands back.

“Hyah!”

“Ahh!!”

That action pulled off the shoulders traps and their wet swimsuits fell away.

Haruka’s breasts had been about to pop out anyway, so they burst from their cramped restraints.

“Ohhhh! Hell yes!!”

“They really are too big! That school swimsuit just couldn’t contain them!”

“But that’s great! This is just great!!”

Haruka glared at the comments she heard, but she quickly lowered her head when she saw the countless male gazes focused her way.

“Wow. Did you see that look? I think my heart skipped a beat.”

“Sh-she’s so cute… I think I’m in love!!”

The gap between her fierce look and her following embarrassment only turned the boys on even more. In fact, quite a few of the girls felt their

hearts racing at Haruka's behavior.

Due to the lack of anything to hold it up, Kimino's swimsuit slipped down from her smaller mounds.

"Look at that modest size and healthy beauty~!"

"This is pretty sexy too..."

"I wish she was wearing a school swimsuit instead of that racing one!!"

"You moron!! It's the racing swimsuit that shows off her fit body!"

Her smaller breasts produced just as many cheers as Haruka's.

Sparks flew as the school swimsuit faction just about got into a fight with the racing swimsuit faction.

They both frantically covered their breasts with an arm, but that still left most of them exposed.

The students were going nuts at this unexpected double wardrobe malfunction.

"Tits! Tits!! Tits! Tiiiiiits!!!"

Whoever had started it, a tits chant began and grew louder and louder.

The bass drum kept the rhythm while the student council president and Angela used their microphones to lead the chant.

The crowd produced enough noise to rival the melodic death band's performance and the entire student body focused their eyes on those four breasts.

(Ah, one arm isn't hiding anything! But if I use both arms…)

Kimino would attack. She too was using a single arm to cover both breasts, so she could use the other arm to snatch Haruka's headband.

Haruka was covering the nipples, but moving around would shift her arm out of place and bring them into view. And her breasts were so large that both arms would not be enough to fully hide them, so one arm really was just barely enough.

Then again, she was actually a boy, so why should she care if people saw her chest?

She tried to convince herself of that, but it was still too embarrassing.

Did that mean she was gaining a girl's thought patterns as well?

That was the last thing she would want as Ryou, but then she noticed that the boys making up Kimino's horse had their eyes fixated on her breasts.

(Th-those guys…!! Don’t tell me…!?)

She checked her own horse and saw that they were looking forward at Kimino’s bare chest.

However, her own horse’s eyes were not nearly as intense as the other’s.

Kimino’s horse was about to get a nosebleed as they stared at those giant bare breasts with only the nipples covered.

Since Haruka had originally been a boy, she knew how they felt. Her breasts were a weapon. And a much more powerful one than Kimino’s smaller breasts.

(It’s embarrassing…but I can stand this much. Take this.)

She lifted her arm a little so they had an excellent view of her underboob from below.

“Gooo! Charge!!”

At the same time, she commanded her own horse.

“————!! Ohhhhhh!”

Watanabe and the others came back to their senses and performed a tackle.

“Ah, you idiots. Why are you zoning out!? Kyah!!”

The swim team members were so fixated on Haruka’s breasts that they were caught off guard and lost their balance.

Kimino was sent flying.

“You’re mine!”

“N-no! Ahhhhhh!!”

Haruka’s hand shot out and snatched her childhood friend’s headband.

Kimino fell into the water with a tremendous splash and the end of the battle was signaled with a giant pillar of fire from the stage in a bit of pyrotechnics that had to be against fire regulations.

“That’s all folks! The winner is Ichijou Haruka’s team!!”

After the president named her the victory, Haruka tossed aside Kimino’s headband and a thundering cheer burst out. Meanwhile, she jumped into the water to quickly fix her swimsuit and get her giant breasts back inside.

The students who had watched the intense battle from the poolside were so excited they jumped into the water and gathered around. If she had been any slower, she would have been in serious trouble.

“Ahh, ahh. I almost had it too, but your bigger boobs gave you the win.”

Her childhood friend looked frustrated but cheerful as she fixed her swimsuit.

“Kimino…Nn!?”

Just as she faced her to praise her efforts, a weird swell of water wrapped around her body.

(Wh-what?)

She initially thought she was imagining things or that it was due to everyone approaching her through the water at once, but she realized something really was wrong when the water wriggled with definite intent and groped her butt.

Watanabe and the others were shouting “We’re the best!”, “Ohh!! A hot spring trip with Haruka-chan!!”, or “An overnight trip at a mixed-sex open-air hot spring!” and they were soon caught among the celebrating spectators, so they could not have touched her butt.

“I lost~ Haruka, that was some amazing movement. Do you do some kind of martial arts? Or maybe gymnastics?”

“N-no, not really…fweh~”

She tried to give a noncommittal answer to Kimino's questions about her superhuman abilities, but then something tickled along her side.

"What's the matter?"

Haruka had made an odd cry and gone a little limp at the ticklish sensation, so her childhood friend tilted her head.

"It's noth-...hyah! Nn...ahh...!!"

She tried to say it was nothing, but this time something groped and squeezed at her breasts, eliciting a seductive moan.

"Are you okay? You don't look too good."

"I'm...fine..."

(This is definitely odd... This water...is messing with...my body...)

Meanwhile, it pinched and kneaded her nipples. She held back a sweet moan and tried to hide it behind her relatively unchanging expression.

"Hee!!"

But as the water moved with a mind of its own, it lifted the fabric plastered to Haruka's skin and slipped below the school swimsuit. She gasped at the itchy feeling of it stroking across every inch of her bare

skin. She used her tensed eyes to look around, but the other students seemed just fine.

She was the only target.

(Could this be…an Oni!?)

She quickly searched for Yume and spotted her approaching from the poolside using an awkward doggy paddle, but she was not making much progress due to her terribly unathletic nature.

Nothing seemed to be attacking her, so Haruka breathed a sigh of relief.

Yume had to be their real target, but they must have decided to eliminate the troublesome protector first. The water wriggling within her school swimsuit grew even bolder.

“Nn…hhhhh!”

The attack on her nipples had been intense enough over the swimsuit, so now that the water rolled them around directly, she had to clench her teeth to hold back the cry.

At the same time, the groping of her breasts as a whole grew more varied.

The water squeezed at the base of the mounds.

But a moment later, it gently loosened them up with a pleasant rhythm along the flesh.

“Congratulations, Ichijou-san! You were so cool!!”

“Fweh… Thank…y-…nn…”

“I was moved!! You were so pretty dancing atop the water like that!”

“I…didn’t do…anything that…amaz…ah, ahh…ing…”

She tried to feign calm as people gathered around to celebrate her victory, but some sensual moans escaped into her voice. She was terribly worried they would all notice her breasts seeming to bounce around within the water due to the groping movement.

“Hee!”

A sudden stimulation reached her already aroused nipples, so her entire body shook.

“Ah, I just have…the h-hiccups… Ah ha…ah ha ha… Fwah!!”

The surrounding people began wonder about the noises she was making. She tried to explain it away, but then a pecking sensation reached her the flower petals of her pussy lips and her knees nearly gave out.

“Are you okay? Your face is pretty red. If you’re tired, maybe you should get out of the pool.”

A nearby girl was worried for her and Haruka really did want to do just that, but when she tried to respond, a powerful pressure reached her nipples and her voice died in her throat.

“~~~~~~~~~~”

Even if she had forced her voice out, it only would have been an indecent moan, so she had no choice but to bite her lip and shake her head.

The pressure on her nipples let up once she did.

The more she wanted to explain away what was happening, the more her cheeks flushed and the more her sharp expressionless face grew defenselessly slack.

Her angled eyes grew damp and everyone nearby could not look away from the alluring charm there.

(I can’t…stand any more of this. My tits…feel too good… I can’t hold back…my voice…)

She could not concentrate knowing that powerful stimulation could assault her again at any time.

“Congratulations, Ichijou Haruka-san!! Quite a show for someone who only just transferred in!”

At the worst possible time, a member of the journalism club showed up with waterproofed equipment for an interview with the victor.

The obscene water below her swimsuit seemed to decide this was the perfect moment because its slippery sensation rubbed all over her stomach while rushing toward her crotch.

(Ah, ahhhh!! No… Not…there!)

She quickly pressed her thighs together to close off her crotch, but it was a futile attempt when the water could freely change its width and shape.

As it shook her butt just like her breasts, she could feel the itching sensation loosening up her urethra. She had made sure to use the bathroom before changing into her swimsuit, but the pool had cooled her down.

She was afraid she might pee right here in the pool.

“Oh? You aren’t looking too good. Are you okay?”

Despite the worried question, the reporter was clearly intent on continuing the interview.

Haruka wanted to refuse since she had nothing to say.

(Kh…ah, ahhhhh…Not my…pee hole….ahhhhh!)

But as soon as she opened her mouth, the wriggling water forced open

her small urethra.

No matter how hard she tried to fight it, the urine was going to leak out.

(I…can’t let myself…pee while everyone’s watching!! Fwah…no…not… there!)

As she trembled from that frightening premonition, the water tickled at her anus in a surprise attack. The water seemed to soak into and loosen each individual wrinkle.

The water would react to the movements of her heart and cruelly change its mode of attack, so there was nothing she could do.

Just a bit of urine seeped out.

It was nowhere near enough for anyone to notice, but it still upset her.

(But there are so many other students around here…!)

Her old classmates from the boys class were here, her beloved Yume was here, and Kimino was here.

For some reason, the guilt of peeing in that water sent a tremor of arousal up her spine.

Along with some more pee, some sexual fluids flowed from her vagina.

(Fwah, I just peed some more… And my pussy's getting wet… Wh-what do I do?)

Thinking about it only made it worse. Putting it into clear words in her mind brought a dangerous throbbing to her womb.

"You have some really nice proportions there! Do you mind telling me your measurements~?"

The reporter girl started off with a question blatantly unrelated to the cavalry battle, but it had to be the one everyone most wanted the answer to.

"I don't…know that… I've never…measured…nkh…myself…ahhh!!"

Her ability to think had dropped too far to just drive the girl away. Plus, she had no idea how to answer this question as a girl, so she answered entirely honestly.

"Then you measure her, Miss Reporter!"

"Give us a special report on Haruka-san's measurements~!"

The boys shouted their suggestions.

(Ehh? M-measure…my breast size…!?)

If she was asked now, she might not be able to say no. And the measuring would involve touching her here and there, so what would happen to her? Her measurements would be revealed as she writhed in pleasure in front of all those students.

(Fwah… No…that would be…too embarrassing.)

However, her breasts seemed to press out against her swimsuit as if to look even a millimeter larger. At the same time, the sweet throbbing grew.

"Too bad. I don't have anything to measure her with, so that'll have to wait until later~ Now, onto the next question."

Haruka let out a heated sigh filled with a perverted mixture of relief and disappointment. And just as she thought she had overcome that crisis, her pussy lips were spread open from within.

"Ah…hee!"

She just about collapsed.

"Ah ha ha. Don't act so scared. I'm not gonna ask anything weird~"

Haruka had a hard time believing that since this girl had asked for her measurements right off the bat. The reporter had mistaken her moans for

fear, but Haruka did not have it in her to respond and her damp eyes began to wander.

"Is it just me…or is Haruka-san acting weird?"

"Now that you mention it… I thought she was just tired after the cavalry battle, but it looks like it's something else."

"That expression looks oddly sexy…or rather, sexual."

The surroundings students grew suspicious of the expression she made as the wriggling water toyed with her vulva.

(Ah, ahh… My expression…is sexual? Everyone's…watching? They're… starting to notice!?)

She felt certain their many eyes would reveal her obscene arousal.

Even if she tried to hide it, putting up with the pleasure only made the look on her face all the more indecent.

(Hyah! It's…inside my slit. Don't rub me there. Ahh, and everyone's… watching.)

The wet caress of the flesh inside her hidden slit instantly enveloped her crotch with heat. Her body grew visibly limp and she could barely keep her head above water.

(Wah, ah, ahhh!! Don't…spread those! Ahh, and don't rub at the inside!!)

The water grabbed at the inner lips and spread them to either side, so the cold water covered the entire sensitive organ. It was not a bad feeling. The sweetness in her chest forced a seductive sigh from her lips.

"By the way, do you have a boyfriend? With looks like that, you must've been pretty popular at your last school~"

"I don't… And I don't want one… Not a boy…"

"Oh? Th-then, Haruka-san, are you more into girls!?"

Her rational mind was near collapse.

She did her best to answer so the others would not realize what was happening to her.

However, her answer ended up being a little too honest.

If she was asked "You're really a boy, aren't you?", she probably would have agreed without thinking.

The water stirred up her sexual slit and began focusing its attacks on the most sensitive parts.

(Hyah! It's going inside!! Khh… You're kidding… Not there!)

With the thickness of a pinky finger, the water slipped into the shallow part of her vagina and worked at loosening up that stiff virgin hole. With an alternating rhythm, it began the exact same thing at the rear hole.

This would have produced a pleasantly sticky noise out of the water. Love juices immediately flowed from deep inside her vagina, inviting the intruder deeper inside.

(Hyah…ahh…ah… This is…going to drive me…insane…ahh…)

The water was its own lubricant, but once her stickier bodily fluids joined it, the rubbing sensation felt twice as good.

“Um, are you okay? Was that a hard question to answer?”

The reporter seemed worried when Haruka did not answer.

“Nn, no, it isn’t…that…but…no comment…”

(What do I do? …They’re bound to find out! They’re going to notice I’m overwhelmed with pleasure because my pussy’s being toyed with!)

She had somehow managed to answer, but even she could tell her voice was shrill in a decidedly horny way.

She could no longer pass this off as anything else. What did everyone think of her as they saw her and heard her like this? Just imagining it was

maddeningly embarrassing.

Narrow intruders were alternately sticking just a bit into her virgin vagina and anus to stir up the entrance. Each time, a powerful throb came from deep in her lower stomach and it took all her willpower to hold back the shrill moan that threatened to escape.

If this tantalizing stimulus continued for too long, she was afraid she would start wanting it to go deeper.

(Ahh, everyone's watching, but I'm shaking my hips! They're moving!! No, it's too embarrassing!)

She twisted her hips to shake off the sensation enveloping her lower body, but it was nowhere near enough to force it away. In fact, it only drew everyone's eyes to her butt, which only increased the throbbing.

(It just keeps…rubbing inside my slit… Hyah! It's pulling back the lips again!! Why just the hole's entrance…!? I'm going crazy deeper inside!)

If a nice thick bit of water had started fucking her deep in her vagina, she would have been unable to restrain her horniness in front everyone, but it remained at a level where she was stuck on the borderline between controlling herself or not. She could only clench her teeth and endure this sensual crisis.

"Hey, if you're feeling bad, I can take you to the infirmary."

Noticing Haruka's abnormal behavior, Kimino whispered worriedly in

her ear.

The ticklish sensation squeezed at her womb and more love juices flowed out to wet her vulva.

“The…infirm…ary…?”

There were beds there, so she could masturbate as much as she wanted. And if Kimino came with her…

She got scared as soon as that idea came to mind.

“Nn… Thanks, but…no. I’m fine…Kimino…”

“R-really?”

She was pretty sure she would actually do it if she went, so she shook her head in refusal. She gave her worried childhood friend a smile, but it unintentionally became the come-hither look of a flirting woman.

The groping of her breasts continued unabated and the tense mounds had been softened up below the school swimsuit. The nipples, conversely, had become much harder and the erect beads were plainly visible through the thick fabric. Even if they were underwater, the closer people had to have noticed her nipples were erect. The eyes glued to them drove her crazy.

Was the water itself an Oni or was the Oni elsewhere as it controlled the

water to sweetly conquer the genderbent boy's female body? This "girl" who had so recently become Onikiri-hime was too confused by the presences of the approaching students to tell.

The water peeled back her clitoral hood and touched the clitoris directly.

"————————!! Hyah…ah…ah…!"

She just barely held back a scream, but she could not stop her eyes from widening and her jaw from falling slack with drool dripping out. Her twitching spine arched back and her crotch convulsed.

An eruption of love juices mixed with the pool water. She could only hope no one had noticed.

(Eh? Ahh… Not that…most sensitive…bead! No…)

The back of her mind was stirred up by a spiral of pleasure far greater than before.

A tiny hand made of water grabbed the erect clitoris and rhythmically stroked it from base to tip like giving a handjob to a penis.

"Hyahn! Hh…ahhh!!"

A blinding flash of light struck her brain cells. Her consciousness flashed in and out from the extreme pleasure.

“See, you are acting weird, Haruka. Let’s go to the infirmary!”

Her legs went limp and she nearly collapsed inside the water, but Kimino quickly supported her hips.

(The infirmary…? Doing it between girls with Kimino in the infirmary…? Ahh…that sounds great.)

The delight of that girl’s slender but reliable arms sent a further tremor through her body and produced even more love juices.

(Ahh, a whole bunch more sex juices…are coming out. My juices…are mixing with the pool water. I want to pee too… Pee in the pool…)

Kimino drove off the reporter since Haruka did not seem to be feeling good, Haruka clung to the girl’s shoulders, pressed her breasts against the girl as the water continued groping them, and gasped for breath.

“H-Haruka-san’s way too sexual…”

“She’s got the same look I see in porn videos…”

“This is making me feel funny too…”

They did not know what was happening, but they could tell she looked incredibly sexual. Her state of carnality caused all the boys to lean forward to hide the bulges in their swimsuits.

(I'm…sexual…? Ahh, they're all getting horny watching me… I'm a sexual girl, so they're all getting horny!! Fwah! Ah, ahh!!)

Even some of the girls seemed to be getting wet because they were blushing and their hips were fidgeting.

Seeing that only produced a feedback loop of arousal and the wriggling water only grew more intense.

(Hee…ahh…no. It won't stop…stroking my clit. Fwaaah. Not the hole… quit just toying with the entrance… I'm gonna…fwahhh! My tits…my nipples. I'm gonna go crazy!! Fwah, I can't hold back…my voice any longer!)

Too many parts of her body felt amazing. A girl's pleasure was strong in the first place, but this "girl" had only changed sex recently and did not know how to handle it. There was nothing she could do with so many places under attack at once. At this rate, she was going to writhe in pleasure and moan obscenely in front of the entire student body.

(Kh…fwah…I…can't hold it in…any longer!!)

The sphincter she had kept desperately shut finally gave in and she could not contain the urine in her bladder.

The wriggling water kept the urethra wide open and a jet of warm liquid flowed out.

(Fwaaaaah~~~ What do I do, what do I do!? I'm peeing! I'm peeing!! Ahhhh, hnn… Ah, ahhhh, it won't stop!)

Her urethra was much shorter than as a boy and her ability to hold it in was much weaker.

She tried fighting it, but her effort only increased the force of the flow and a pale lemon color mixed into the pool water as it passed through her school swimsuit.

(Heee! I'm peeing… I'm peeing in the pooooool!!)

"Kh…hh…"

The release of urination rapidly increased the heat in her crotch and she nearly collapsed from the sense of lethargy.

The sweet sensation of her spread pussy lips and teased vagina combined with the pleasure of urination and confused her rational mind.

(Ah…ahh…if this keeps up…I'll…I'll cum…)

She did not think she could last much longer.

She would reach climax without revealing the Oni's identity.

"Huh? The pool feels a little warmer over here… And the color…"

Meanwhile, someone finally noticed.

(Hee!!)

A nearby boy tilted his head, stared into the water, and gradually turned his eyes toward Haruka's crotch. He was going to see the lemon color of the urine still flowing from the crotch of her school swimsuit.

She would be mocked throughout the school as the filthy girl who had peed in the pool right after winning the cavalry battle.

(Noooo. But I can't stop peeing!)

But at the last second, some violent splashing stirred up the pee-filled water as if to erase the evidence that would guide Haruka to disaster.

"Congratulations, Haruka-chan!! You were so cool! And you were really brave, Kimino-chan!! I love both of you!"

The terrible swimmer and goddess of fortune arrived with a smile as sweet as candy. She praised them both for their battle and jumped over to embrace both of them at once.

(Ahhh…Yu…me… You saved…me… Nn…ahahhhhh!!)

Yume's giant soft breasts bounced defenselessly as she jumped over and then pressed tightly against Haruka's breasts that had melted from

the water’s torment.

Yume’s pleasantly plump skin pressed perfectly against Haruka’s carnally aroused skin.

Relieved by Yume’s appearance, Haruka had let her guard down, so this unexpected stimulus created a sudden explosion of pleasure.

A preliminary burst of orgasmic juices squirted out with the last of the urine.

(Fwaaaah! No, I’m cumming!! Yume made me cuuuuum!)

The obscene water pinched at her clitoris and nipples and roughly rolled them around.

It also scratched at the entrance of her vagina and anus, as if trying to pull them back.

A flash of light burst in her mind and her entire body shook.

Her womb rapidly tightened and her vagina and anus followed suit.

A hot surge flowed from deep within her body.

“Ah, ahhh……!! Ahhh! Ahhhhhh!!”

It was a miracle she managed to keep her voice as quiet as she did.

She clung to Yume while pretending to be hugging the girl back and she pressed her lips against the girl's neck to restrain her voice.

"Ha wa wa… Haruka-chan just kissed me♪"

Her cousin's delight at that fact was what pushed her mind over the edge.

(Nnah! I-I'm cumming!! Haaaafwaaaaaaahhhh!)

It was fortunate she was in the water because everyone would have heard the obscenely wet sounds squirting from her crotch otherwise.

The sensation of that feminine spray caused her crotch to throb and brought her to orgasm.

(Ahh… I came in front of everyone…)

That obscene water had teased her without even giving her a chance to catch her breath, but it vanished in an instant.

She never even figured out if that was an Oni.

The arousal of that intense battle stayed with her, as she gasped for breath, brought erections or love juices to the crowd around her with the

horny look of orgasm on her face, and collapsed limply into her cousin and childhood friend’s arms.